





















# The Constitution.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY

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W. A. HENNING, Business Manager



The Morning Constitution (with Saturday paper) \$5.00; without Sunday, \$6.00; Weekly, \$1.00

We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will do so unless accompanied by return postage.

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The Constitution can be found on sale at the following places:  
WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.  
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NICHOLS & HOLLIDAY, Constitution Building, 106 Advertising Managers for all territory outside of Atlanta.

ATLANTA, GA., December 26, 1897.

The Study of English.

The communication which we print elsewhere from Professor E. C. Branson, of the State Normal school, should attract the attention not only of teachers, but of the public at large, which is more vitally interested in the matter than school officials are.

In the article which Professor Branson so heartily indorses, The Constitution purpose to give a general ground for the purpose of attracting attention and inviting discussion, so that this important subject of English in the schools may be solved. The fact that our remarks are heartily indorsed by the normal school shows that we did not go too far for purposes of reform.

But the myth and delusion of written English grammar has been so widely propagated by Lindley Murray and his successors (there are thousands of them) that it seems impossible to get it out of the minds even of those who know better. We venture to say that all who can write English fairly well, and that category should include every graduate of the public schools, will be willing to admit that the instruction in grammar received from written grammar is confined to a very few pages of that textbook.

This is inevitable because the infected forms of our language are so few, and because it is with these alone that the writer grammar can adequately deal. The grammarians themselves seem to feel that something is wrong, and they have gone on hunting for the remedy ever since Murray (there are English grammars older than his) set the example. The result is that no grammar has been written until now they are numerous enough to make a huge library by themselves.

One of the most monumental works of the kind ever written—monumental in the sense that it is a colossal mass of dead things—Good Browne's Grammar of English Grammars. It is worth any teacher's while to examine that wonderful book. The amiable author is at great pains to demolish all the grammars written up to his time, and he does it adroitly and finally, for it is perfectly well known that writers of English grammar do not write English. The most of them write sentences that may be passed by the poor little parrots that are set to the task, but a sentence that may be passed is frequently very far from good English.

The Grammar of English Grammars is a large book, and its author is in deadly earnest, but it is no more an English grammar than the books which it demolished. Outside of instruction in a written grammar is necessarily in the air, and English is not an infected language. Its forms have endless variations which make it the most fluid and fluent tongue ever employed to express thought.

It has been the fashion for those who were brought up under the influence of the classic craze that once raged to say that Greek and Latin are the most beautiful and the most expressive tongues. But this fact—for it is nothing more—seems to have faded out, and there are very few classic scholars now willing to contend that the language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote is in any respect inferior to any other tongue. For that very reason we find a constant and healthy growth of the literature of the system of education which ignores the study of English is radically wrong—just as it is now conceded that the teaching of Latin and Greek grammar is useless unless the pupil is at the same time introduced to the beauties of Latin and Greek literature.

There are still teachers who believe that written English grammar is of more importance than English literature in the schools, and they continue to hammer it into the heads of their pupils, not understanding it, and would be abnormally stupid if they could. We are acquainted with a fairly successful author who was never able to parse an English sentence by rule, and who doesn't know a participle from an adverb by name, but who is all proud of his ignorance, but attributes it to an attempt made to teach him written English grammar when he could not grasp its purport. The result was that he closed his mind against it.

This is what is happening every day in the schools, and it is happening every day to children who may never have an opportunity to learn grammar at its fountain-head—that is to say, in the works of the great masters of English. Still, there have been some small improvements during the past few years. What is called "supplementary reading" has crept in somewhere among the lessons, and the publishers are taking advantage of the fact to introduce English classics.

Professor Branson says that some teachers have gone farther than that, and have introduced dictation as a part

of the desk work of their pupils—dictation from English classics—and are accompanying it with explanations and illustrations calculated to impress the minds of the young. This is a noteworthy fact, and the names of the pioneer teachers should be inscribed on the rolls in letters of gold. In after years the pupils whom they are thus pleasantly leading along will rise up to call them blessed.

But the great majority of teachers seem to be bound down by precedent. Moreover, in the cities they are handicapped by the number of pupils under their charge; and it is almost impossible for them to introduce any reform looking to the real education of their pupils. It is impossible for them, even to take note of the individuality of the children; and this, after all, is the most fatal defect of our present system.

If English is to be adequately taught in our schools, the reform must come from those who have authority to make the changes necessary to the promotion of so important a reform. It must be insisted on by the enlightened public sentiment of the state, by the state commissioner of education, and by the various boards of education throughout the state.

There is no trouble with the teachers—we mean, of course, the real teachers, not those who go into the business merely because it is a form of employment. The trouble is with the system, which, at present, has no place for the real and complete study of English—a study that should permeate every grade and crop out in all departments.

The Imperial Mind.

There is one thing certain, and that is that history will write down the name of emperor of Germany either as a fool or a genius.

Thus far in his reign his acts have been those of a madman, who exalts the imperial station almost to an equality with divinity, in an age when the people are prone to scoff at the "divine rights of kings," and whose mouthings resemble the exaggerated claims of the Caesars. From his first designation of himself as the "war lord" down to his more recent protection of the "divine rights of kings," his speeches have been a succession of extravagant claims of superiority.

If he proceeds on this same line without the accomplishment of some grand feat, he will end his career as the emperor of an epochal leader. He will be remembered as a royal clown. But circumstances may give point to his pretensions, when his claims will be regarded as the inspiration of what was to come. Already he has made himself the disturbing element of Europe, and his intervention in Chinese affairs promises to result in a test of national strength. That test may linger in the field of diplomacy for a long time, but it looks as if, in the end, it will result in an appeal to arms. If that contest England cannot be defeated on the one hand, and Russia thwarted on the other, Germany that hapless aggregation of warring principalities of a few years ago, will be the great controlling empire of the world, and William will be hailed as the man of destiny.

It is just in the lives of such men that the turning points of history are wrapped up, and all the schemes of statesmanship are brought to naught, as to what Emperor William is, we will have to wait and see.

## Wolves in Georgia.

The readers of The Constitution should not take to heart too seriously the story printed yesterday about the existence of wolves in Georgia.

It is a strange scene that was pictured when the poor mountaineer withstood the attacks of these ravenous brutes, and with wonderful agility threw them into the well, where they were content to die rather than come up to renew the contest. The Georgia mountaineer is a brave man under any circumstances. His fathers pushed themselves up into that region in a time when there were wolves a plenty, and we have the records of many fierce contests in which the victory long remained in the scale. That the mountaineer got the best of it is deduced from the fact that he is still there, while the wolf is out of sight, either dead or in hiding. The popular opinion is that these creatures have fed the country long since, and that no fear need be entertained of them.

However, all suppositions have loopholes, and through such an opening we are given sight of a tremendous battle between man and wolf. The story comes in a suspicious time for belief; not that it is untrue, but that it is an illusion. There is a mighty pool of corn liquor made in north Georgia, even if it does not always bear the revenue stamp, and it flows with more than the usual freedom in the Christmas season. There would be a much stronger belief in the story if it had appeared six weeks ago, or if it had deferred its appearance until the latter days of January, when the New Year should have recovered from its first blush. But right now! Well, we cannot be sure, for the winter is not so creditous, so we will let the incident pass as something told to amuse, though its central hero was desperately in earnest.

## The World's Fuel Supply.

As December wears to its close, amid the gloom of the winter season, it is gratifying to know that in the deep veins of the earth providence has stored up enough fuel to warm the firesides of this old world for ages to come.

Dr. E. W. Parker, of the United States geological survey, has recently compiled some interesting figures based upon the world's output of coal for the year 1896 showing that almost every portion of the globe is abundantly supplied, and that such a thing as a coal famine is not to be dreaded. The figures are as follows: Great Britain, 135,361,260 tons; Germany, 112,457,710 tons; France, 29,316,832 tons; Austria-Hungary, 22,644,777 tons; Belgium, 31,213,000 tons; Russia, 9,079,138 tons; Canada, 3,748,034 tons; Japan, 3,400,000 tons; India, 4,441,890 tons; New South Wales, 3,737,536 tons; New Zealand, 719,544 tons; Sweden, 223,652 tons; Italy, 305,321 tons; the Dutch Republic, 1,152,296 tons; Queensland, 822,975 tons; Australia, 194,171 tons; Natal, 153,951 tons; Cape Colony, 87,985 tons; Tasmania, 36,856 tons, and other countries, in the aggregate, 2,000,000 tons.

From these figures it is evident that the world's supply of coal is well nigh inexhaustible; for if the coal fields of Great Britain, which measure barely more than 9,000 square miles in superficial area, can produce 135,361,260 tons of coal annually, can any limit be placed

upon the possibilities of our American coal fields, which measure some 200,000 square miles in extent? Within the last few years this section of the country has disclosed enormous coal deposits; the investigations going on, the areas of our discovered coal fields grow larger and larger. If foreign coal supplies should give out at any time in the future this country could easily supply the world's demand without feeling it in the least. The coal fields of America are a barrier against our window frames and remind us of the bleak days which lie ahead. It is comforting to meditate upon the vast supply of fuel which providence has stored up in the earth.

## The Slaughter of Song Birds.

There is now pending in the legislature of Maryland a measure which provides for the protection of songbirds in that state. On account of the rapidly increasing demand for songbirds made by the millinery establishments of Maryland, the forests of that state have been almost completely depopulated of their tuneful inhabitants.

From present indications this wise measure is more than apt to meet with the hearty support of the Maryland lawmakers. Throughout the entire state there is a strong sentiment crystallizing in its favor, and even the women seem to be joining heartily in advocating the proposed reform. This is just as it should be; for the practice of slaughtering nature's songbirds merely for the purpose of decorating gaudy bonnets for the fair sex is absolutely barbarous.

Other states are interested in similar movements. Within the last few months the matter of protecting songbirds has been agitated in New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and other states, with hopeful results.

As millions of dollars are spent annually for the purchase of songbirds in Europe and America, it is almost useless to hope that the salutary reform which is now being attempted will ever become universal; but still there is no reason why the most vigorous efforts should not be put forward in that direction. It cannot be argued that songbirds are absolutely necessary to the artistic embellishment of hats, for the world is rich in ornamental products which might be used to even better advantage. Surely no good can come of the practice which robs the world of its melody in order to enrich its vanity.

## The South's Progress.

While the conditions of the past year have not been such as to call forth much enthusiasm from a national point of view, there is, nevertheless, decided cause for congratulation in the splendid progress which the south has made in spite of adverse circumstances. The progress is due to the varied and abundant resources of this section. Without claiming too much for the productivity of our southern soil, it may be truthfully affirmed that nature has endowed no portion of the globe with greater resources of wealth and climate than the south. Under prosperous conditions this section is prepared to easily outstrip all rivals, and even under adverse conditions, as during the past year, it cannot be prevented from enjoying some measure of good fortune.

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Machine shops and foundries ..... 22  
Sawmills ..... 13  
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Miscellaneous iron and steel works ..... 23  
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Brick works ..... 15  
Cotton compresses ..... 11  
Flour mills ..... 11  
Oil and gas works ..... 11  
Ice and cold storage plants ..... 42  
Oil and gas (natural) companies ..... 13  
Miscellaneous ..... 13

This list covers actual enterprises only and does not include plans and specifications for enterprises which have not as yet materialized. Among these plans and specifications may be included the proposed arrangements for constructing ninety-four telephone systems, six gas works, twenty-five electric light and power plants and thirty-nine waterworks. Under the circumstances, is not this a record which calls for congratulation?

Unjust to Atlanta.

This paragraph from The Lawrenceville Herald contains one of the most ungenerous criticisms which have yet been pronounced upon Atlanta from any source:

We understand that there is little dependence to be put in the cotton market, and in reference to the contagion, but the simple fact that the papers of that city decline to give the public accurate information of the cotton market.

What is the truth of the matter? From day to day the Atlanta papers have not only reviewed the smallpox situation in this city, but have even entered into the minutest details of the case. They have published official reports from the board of health showing the exact status of the malady from authoritative sources, and have, furthermore, devoted column after column with graphic illustrations to describing the scenes enacted by the varying crops in going their rounds of the city. What more could the Atlanta papers do to acquaint the public with the truth of the situation?

The criticism of The Lawrenceville Herald may be grounded upon the false statement which outside newspapers have published concerning the prevalence of smallpox in this city. Such statements as these the Atlanta papers have ignored for the simple reason that they were base and slanderous fabrications designed to hurt Atlanta's trade and to injure her reputation for healthfulness. As a matter of fact the few cases of smallpox in Atlanta have been of the mildest type ever known, and have never, at any time, caused the least excitement or uneasiness. There is absolutely no danger to be apprehended from coming to Atlanta, and strangers can visit the city with absolute impunity.

## Waiting for a Remedy.

The policy of the New England cotton mill owners does not promise much for the operatives. These owners have no available remedies to propose for the conditions that oppress them. Whether this is because they are ignorant of the real cause or whether they are afraid to announce it, we need not pause to inquire. Indeed, there is no peg on which inquiry can be hung.

The policy they pursue is one that presupposes a vast amount of patience on the part of the operatives, and a vast state of things that is bound to be fatal to the republican party in New England. The mill owners announce that whatever remedies the manufacturers devise must be based on a reduction of the earnings of operatives.

Just as a reduction in one mill is placed

drive all the rest in New England to follow suit, so, on a smaller scale, the trouble in the cotton industry must react on other industries. So that it seems really probable that, bound to the ground of the money power industrial New England is entering upon a period of decay precisely similar to that which various conditions have brought upon her agriculture. Such symptoms as this are not particularly pleasing even to rural sections, for they are the symptoms of a depression that strikes at the roots of all industry.

It seems to be the intention of the mill owners to wait until the southern operatives can be taught to enter upon strikes, and, a paternal state legislature informs those who work for a living how long they will be permitted to work. Meantime, until these things happen, they promise to go on reducing the wages of their employees.

We say, therefore, that the outlook for the operatives in New England is not very hopeful. The bells of the New Year will not jingle merrily in their ears. All they can do is to wait until their wages are reduced to the point where the owners of the mills can manage to get along with them, and they will not have to wait very long for another reduction.

Maybe Mr. Hanna's Christmas gun is loaded.

It is just as our Washington correspondent says. If the anti-Hanna men are in the market, they will not have to wait long for a profitable bargain.

A republican organ says that whenever the wage-earners of the north vote for the democratic party, they are hit by a blow that is as sure as death. Well, somebody has hit 'em a tremendous old lately, and they didn't vote for democrats, either. It's pretty sad.

According to the law of nations, the Cubans are not engaged in war. The little boy of the United States who the Cubans think of as "autonomy."

Well, we hope everybody had a happy Christmas.

## MR. SINGERLY'S LIABILITIES.

Figuring Up the Sums Owed by the Bank's President.

From Friday's Philadelphia Inquirer.

It was believed on Wednesday afternoon that the affairs of the president of the bank had been satisfactorily adjusted. For several days the banks, which were held among whom were the members of the firm of Drexel & Co., had been working on the tangle, and at last developed a plan of settlement. The liabilities of Mr. Singerly at that time were understood to be about \$2,000,000. This sum was made up of a \$300,000 mortgage on The Record building, a \$1,000,000 mortgage on the Chestnut Street National bank, \$500,000 due to Messrs. Widener and Elkens for the loan and \$150,000 due to the Chestnut Street Trust Company by R. J. Lennon & Co., in which company Mr. Singerly is interested.

Mr. Lennon said last night that his estimate of the liabilities was not affected by the affairs of the bank or trust company. It was proposed to take up all this indebtedness by the issue of \$3,000,000 of preferred stock, the proceeds of which would be used to pay the debts of the bank and trust company.

It was proposed to take up all this indebtedness by the issue of \$3,000,000 of preferred stock, the proceeds of which would be used to pay the debts of the bank and trust company. The net profits of the paper for a series of years were placed at \$250,000, and as to the liabilities of the proposed preferred stock issue.

Meanwhile the clearing house committee was acting in harmony with the friends of Mr. Singerly. The second day was held by the directors of thirty national banks on Wednesday, and the question of subscribing for Record preferred stock was discussed. The amount had been divided into two parts, the first of \$1,000,000 and the second of \$2,000,000. The first part was to be paid in cash, and the second in bonds.

On Wednesday afternoon there were general congratulations in financial circles that the crisis had been passed. The bank was considered sound, and the whole problem solved. Indeed, a sale of Chestnut Street National bank stock was announced for Wednesday, at \$100, and of Chestnut Street Trust stock at \$25, these prices being not far from the actual value of the securities. It has been hinted that these were not to be sold, but that they were to be used in connection with the proposed preferred stock issue.

On Wednesday night, while the bankers' committee was going over the accounts, the story was told that Mr. Singerly's liabilities had been correctly understood. Instead of \$2,000,000, the total was nearly \$3,000,000. It was found that considerable sums were owed to various people that were not known of before. The discovery astonished the committee. They thought the whole matter was settled, but when they found the true situation they were concluded that it was impossible to save the bank.

All arrangements had been made on the basis of \$2,000,000, and there was not time to add more to it. It was decided, even if everybody was willing to come into the settlement in that way. Among other things developed was the fact that President Singerly had been in the city for several days, and that he had been waiting for the result of the sale of the bank's securities.

Following the declaration of the Philadelphia bankers to furnish financial aid, the Herald may be grounded upon the false statement which outside newspapers have published concerning the prevalence of smallpox in this city. Such statements as these the Atlanta papers have ignored for the simple reason that they were base and slanderous fabrications designed to hurt Atlanta's trade and to injure her reputation for healthfulness.

## ODD BITS OF INFORMATION.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

In tropical seas the hues of certain fish are too gorgeous to be reproduced on canvas.

The albino has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to alight.

Over 4,000,000 frozen rabbits are annually exported from the London market from Victoria, Australia.

## JUST FROM GEORGIA.

### The Day After Christmas.

Timeless the tin horn's lyne—

Coldly they pass it by:

The little was doing its crying.

For the little was doing its crying!

For the tin horn player, on Christmas morn,

Broke its head with the little tin horn.

And the little tin drum is still,

Under the holly arch;

And it never will play by night or day

When the little tin soldiers march.

For the little drummer, with soldier pride,

Wished to know what the tin drum had inside.

A fall, and a squeal of pain

From the frisky, climbing "monk";

There has been a wreck of the railroad

train,

And the elephant's lost his trunk!

For the little boys thought it was fine and fit

To see what the elephant kept in it.

There was never a scene like this!

So the glory of earth departs;

It is well that the boys are left to kiss

And cuddle first to their hearts' desire.

Are left to cuddle, and kiss, and say:

"When will it be next Christmas day?"

One of the editors of a big northern magazine, writing to a contributor, says:

"During the last week in September we received nearly 3,000 Christmas poems. Of these we retained five, returning all the others. A live, patriotic Fourth of July poem would not only relieve the monotony, but it would also be a good thing."

The only trouble about Fourth of July poetry is that during that blazing month the poets are plowing and cussing the weather. They can't lash the mule and the muse at the same time.

## Never Touched Him.

A recent railroad wreck in North Carolina was caused in a peculiar way. A colored man was riding on a flat car, and he jumped a train of empty flat cars. He missed the car and fell across the track, where the wheels to several of the cars passed directly over him. His body threw two of the cars off the track, and the strangest part of it is that after the cars had run over him the man was able to jump up and walk away. As he looked around him he was heard to exclaim:

"Well, well I never see de like sence I was 'bun. I'll bet my week's wages dat railroad'll sue me fer damage!"

## Nell's Violets.

Didn't know just what to say

(Heart an' speech was gone)

When Nellie came that winter day

An' pinned the violets on!

'Peared like a garden of the May

Had felt the mornin' dawn;

When Nellie smiled that winter day

An' pinned the violets on!

The cold wind chilled the rainy way,

The dead leaves strewn the lawn;

But Nellie came that sunny day

An' pinned the violets on!

An' summer sweet came back to stay,

But since the violet is gone

I wish for violets every day

An' Nell to pin 'em on!

At an auction sale in Cleveland, O., the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edgar Fawcett, Clinton Scollard, Oliver Wendell Holmes and his aunt, Mary J. Holmes, brought collectively the handsome sum of \$25 cents. The poet, S. E. Kiser, interviewed the purchaser, saying that he was glad that there was one man in the crowd who appreciated the literature of the day.

ter coolly informed him that he had merely bought the books because they were cheaper than coal!

## Owed to January.

Come on, New Year, come on!

On Christmas leave me merry;

Come with the frosty dawn

Of freezing January!

I fain would know the worst

While crossing Time's road ferry;

Come on, O First—ad First

Of joyous January!

No flowers—no sunny rays—

No voices sweet and cheery;

Only that note of ninety days,

Remorseless January!

"Wife gave you some costly presents, did she?"

"Can't tell. Haven't got the bills for 'em yet."

## A Fair Monopolist.

Laura, with her cheeks aglow,

Stood beneath the mistletoe;

Every heart went "pitty-pat,"

For the picture sweet as that!

"You are a monopolist," said Laura,

"You are a monopolist," said Laura,

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"You are a monopolist," said Laura,







## TRouble THAT CAME AT CHRISTMAS TIME

One Man Kills Another With a Gun That Wasn't Loaded.

MANY WERE SHOT AND CUT

Razors, Knives, Pistols, Guns and Table Legs Were Used.

SOME FIGHT WHILE OTHERS REJOICE

A Negro Strikes a White Woman, Inflicting Serious Injury—Fights of the Holidays.

Ambrosia Morris, a student at the Clark university, walked into the police barracks yesterday afternoon and said: "I've killed a man accidentally and wish to be held until the matter can be properly investigated."

Morris was locked up and the officers at once investigated the killing. It was found that Morris had shot and killed another student at Clark university named Daniel Armstrong. The shooting occurred at the store of Brice in a settlement in South Atlanta, which is just beyond the university buildings.

Friday afternoon Morris, Armstrong and two or three other negroes were in Brice's store playing with a shotgun, which "wasn't loaded." It was accidentally fired by Morris. Armstrong was standing with his back half turned toward Morris at the time and received the load of shot in the back and between the shoulders. He fell to the floor and died in a few minutes.

Morris will be held until the case is thoroughly looked into, but it is not believed he will be prosecuted.

A Bullet in His Head.

Yesterday afternoon Cornelius Vanderbilt Filpiper, a brother of the Filpiper noted in military academy affairs, had a quarrel with Frank Young about a woman whom both were trying to visit on Christmas day, and the row ended by Young putting a bullet into the back of Filpiper's head. The wound was not dangerous and Filpiper has pronounced all right after his head had been dressed by City Physician Hurt.

A Razor and Knife.

Will Harris and Frank Hodnett, two young negroes, called to spend the Christmas afternoon yesterday with a mutual friend at No. 333 Marietta street. Both were imbibing Christmas cheer and they began a row. Harris had a razor and was trying to use it when Hodnett pulled out a big knife and used it on Harris's face and arms.

Harris was taken to the hospital, where his wounds were dressed, and Hodnett was given a cell at the police barracks on a charge of assault with intent to murder.

Struck Her with a Table Leg.

Early yesterday morning John Daniel, a negro, used a table leg with such terrible force on the head of Mrs. Daniel Lovinger, a grocer's wife at No. 56 Humphreys street, that it is feared the woman will die.

It appears that Mr. Lovinger has employed the negro youth for a number of years, and the boy has presumed upon this fact to be quite impudent and troublesome at times. Yesterday he was a little more enthusiastic than usual and soon raised a row in Lovinger's yard. In the quarrel the negro picked up a table leg and struck Mrs. Lovinger over the head with it, inflicting an ugly and dangerous wound. The negro was arrested.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CONVICTS

Barbecue Was Served Yesterday by Captain Donaldson.

The convicts of the Fulton county jail in the care of Captain Donaldson were treated to a Christmas barbecue yesterday. The occasion was of great interest to the men, and for that particular day the negroes were glad that they were in the camp.

The barbecue was to have been served in the yard, but on account of the unpleasant weather it was necessary to transfer the tables to one of the buildings. This was the regular sentence of the convicts, given by the county to the convicts. One takes place on the 4th of July and the other on Christmas day.

## M'PHERSON ENJOYS CHRISTMAS

Officers and Men Appropriately Observe the Day.

HAPPY CHILDREN AT THE FORT

Band Gives an All-Day Concert and Plays Sweet Music—Greetings to Far Away Garrisonians.

Christmas was observed at Fort McPherson yesterday and it was a noisy day for the children.

Santa Claus visited the fort early and remained all day. There were not many of Santa's children at the post, but many of the soldiers' children were there. The celebration of the day. New toys and young railway trains and steam engines were scattered along the walks in profusion.

The officers joined in the merriment with their children. The band played sweet music to welcome the day early in the morning and it was an interesting time for all those who had never witnessed a Christmas at Fort McPherson.

The usual military exercises were done away with for the day and the men were allowed to enjoy themselves as they desired. Many of the officers' families, nearly all who asked were given furloughs by Colonel Cook and the usual stringent rules were relaxed for the day.

During the day a number of the friends of the officers from Atlanta went out to the fort and passed a pleasant time with them, while some of the officers took advantage of the day to come to the city and dine with their friends.

HOTELS DINE THEIR GUESTS.

City Hoteliers Cover the Boards with Christmas Delicacies.

The elegant dinner served by the hotels of the city yesterday was a feast to the connoisseur, and the hostesses were liberally patronized.

A large number took dinner at the Kimball house, and Manager Scoville exerted himself to give a most palatable spread to his patrons.

The menu was elaborate and every course was served in an elegant style that appealed to the appetite and sharpened it for the sweet viands and delicate dishes that were brought from the kitchen. Beautiful soups of the elaborate menu that were a work of art were given to the guests.

The Aragon served a delicious dinner of Christmas turkey and many other things to please the most fastidious. The Marion and other hotels of the city were well supplied with all that could be wished for a Christmas dinner.

COL. GLENN IS HOME AGAIN.

He Returns After a Tour of the Old World.

Colonel W. C. Glenn has returned to the city after a tour of several months through the old country. The trip was taken for the benefit of his health, and the results were more than expected.

He is in perfect health and will be able to resume at once his practice of law. The first case to which he will devote his attention is the Nobles problem, and he expects to obtain a pardon for the old woman.

The next case will be that of Planagan, which was brought before the superior court on account of Colonel Glenn's absence. He speaks very entertainingly about his trip and says he feels like a new man.

FACTIOUS FIGHT IN CHURCH.

New Bishop Coadjutor May Not Be Confirmed as Is Required.

Cleveland, O., December 25.—A factional fight has broken out in the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Arkansas over the recent election of a bishop coadjutor. Archdeacon William Montgomery Brown, of the Ohio diocese, was elected and accepted the office.

It now seems that the leading churchmen of Arkansas have split in two parties and one of them is attempting to prevent the consecration of the bishop coadjutor. He cannot be consecrated without the consent of a majority of the bishops and diocesan committees of the country, and one faction has sent them notice that a protest against consecrating the coadjutor is being prepared, charging that the election is illegal because of unfair methods and manipulation practiced by the party that succeeded.

No such charge is made regarding Archdeacon Brown personally, as he did not seek the honor that has been tendered him.

## POLICE IN A RUSH; MANY ARRESTED

Atlanta's Record for the Christmas of the Passing Year.

SCENE AT POLICE BARRACKS

Over Two Hundred Prisoners Given a Christmas Dinner.

THEY CLAMORED TO GET FREEDOM

Visitors Flocked to Barracks To Find Missing Friends—Record Made on Christmas Eve.

There were 232 arrests made in the city during Christmas eve and Christmas day. Of this number 192 were due to the fact that the people who feel it a binding duty to get drunk and noisy on Christmas carried out their programme the night before, and when the day itself arrived they were too busy nursing headaches and trying to brace up to do any great damage in the way of rows and fights.

Of the Christmas arrests there were 135 for drunkenness—135 befuddled brains, 135 headaches next day, and 135 homes made desolate, when they should have been bright.

There were also on Christmas day nineteen persons arrested for shooting firearms in the city limits, and fourteen arrested for shooting off fireworks.

Besides the simple drunks, there were sixty-two cases for disorderly conduct. Of this great gathering at the police barracks made a scene yesterday which will never be forgotten. There were just about as many white men as there were negroes, and the two crowds swarmed around the two divisions of the city prison, begging somebody to let them out. They were all anxious to be allowed to go home to spend at least a half-holiday with their friends.

Many of the prisoners were permitted to leave the barracks because friends came and released them on bond. All during the day visitors flocked to the barracks inquiring for certain relatives and friends whom they had missed, and had reasons to believe were in the lock-up. The station sergeant was kept busy answering questions and looking over the records to see if the names asked about were behind the bars.

At the dinner hour there were over two hundred men, women and boys to be fed, and the janitor telephoned for 250 dinners, and it took a number of butlers and waiters to serve the crowd. In the negro division there was a rush when the meals were served and two or three guards were required to keep the prisoners in line. Prison bars did not interfere with their Christmas appetites. No turkey and cranberry sauce was served.

City Physician Hurt was also kept very busy sewing up cuts and binding broken heads. He remained at the barracks for several hours with his medicine case. There were at least twenty men who needed his services because of the bad effects of too much whiskey.

Christmas eve night and yesterday morning the police did the hardest work of their lives, and the mounted squad, the bicycle squad and the two or three guards were about the city in a never-ceasing pace. The effort to stop the shooting of cannon crackers and firearms in the city made their work doubly arduous, but they were equal to every emergency, and while the large number of cases made attested to the disorder there was in the city, it is nevertheless true that the holiday was one of the most quiet the city has ever seen—the police by vigilance made it so.

Reverend Andrew will have his hands full tomorrow, and his court will be in session all day.

STRUCK BY A PASSENGER TRAIN.

Two Brothers Are Instantly Killed on the Erie Railroad.

Greenville, Pa., December 25.—James and Samuel Lytle were killed on the Erie railroad today near Atlantic. The brothers were struck by a passenger train while driving to a relative's house to spend Christmas.

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## WEATHER WAS NO BARRIER

Police, Firemen, Motormen and Messenger Boys Face the Rain.

IT WAS DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE

In the Biting Wind and Drizzling Rain the Uniformed Men Aided in the Day's Observance.

Despite the fact that the weather was unusually disagreeable, those who were forced to work outdoors yesterday were able to enjoy the day, and many pleasant little surprises were in store for them.

The ones mostly affected by the disagreeable weather were the police, the street car motormen, mail carriers and messenger boys.

The motormen did not have such a hard time of it as a drizzling rain began to fall and freeze. Then their troubles began and continued through the day. The light rain was swept in their faces by the wind, making it very disagreeable.

The weather was not so bad as it seemed, however, for the police, the street car motormen, mail carriers and messenger boys.

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## WEATHER WAS WET AND VERY COLD

Marbury's Forecast Was Faithfully Carried Out.

ICE WORRIED STREET CAR MEN

Trolley Cars Made a Brilliant Display of Lights.

PEOPLE SLIPPED AND SLIDED ON SIDEWALKS

Was One of the Worst Days Atlanta Has Experienced This Year.

Marbury Was Vindicated.

Weather Prophet Marbury was vindicated yesterday and that in a manner which leaves no doubt in the minds of the citizens of Atlanta as to his ability to correctly forecast weather. While his vindication came in a very disagreeable and unpleasant manner and caused Christmas out of doors to be very gloomy, it was not as the day advanced these same clouds let down on Atlanta a slow, drizzly rain of a very unpleasant kind.

The weather report for Christmas Day said it would be cold and unpleasant with a disagreeable rain. All this came true, though more severe than the forecast even intimated.

All Atlanta was shivering and shivering about yesterday and a cold, mean rain fell and froze as soon as it touched the ground. In addition to this a cold wind blew the freezing mist into every one's face and made things very disagreeable.

Christmas Day dawned cold and cloudy. The weather was very cold and a casual observer would have said it would snow. The clouds had a very snowy appearance, but as the day advanced these same clouds let down on Atlanta a slow, drizzly rain of a very unpleasant kind.

For awhile the rain continued to fall and the cold wind continued to blow. The streets were wet, then they became muddy. All who disliked bad weather staid indoors by the fire, the brave ones went out and enjoyed the attractions at the opera houses.

At about half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon the cold rain began to freeze and then the weather changed from disagreeable to utterly unbearable. The unexpected citizen walking boldly down the street suddenly found himself sitting in the middle of the sidewalk and wondering how he got there. He soon found out and was able to heartily enjoy the falls of others.

The rain on the trolley wires froze and icicles hung from them in large clusters. This made life very interesting for the street car men and in less than half an hour schedules were a thing of the past.

In addition to this the rain on the tracks froze and cars slid as far as half a block before they could be brought to a standstill. The trolleys spluttered and splashed and lighted up the street with vivid flashes when the current was turned on. The efforts of the electricity to pass through the ice and snow and the wires melted the ice to a certain extent, but so great was the interference that the keeping of schedules was a matter of impossibility.

The weather was a Klondike for the hackmen of the city and they had more business than they could attend to. The crowds from the matinees came from the theaters to find rain falling and the streets full of ice. The cars were running irregularly and hacks were in demand.

Took the Place of Fireworks.

Those who had made preparations for a grand display of fireworks last night were disappointed. It is a well-known fact that rain and powder are very unfriendly and the powder refused to perform its usual duty while the rain fell.

Santa Claus had foreseen something of this kind and by a happy contract with the weather man and Dame Nature succeeded in getting out the vacancy caused by the absence of fireworks in a manner thoroughly unexpected by the children.

The ice and trolley cars played an important part in this display and it was one of the prettiest ever seen in Atlanta. The exhibit was not run on an economical basis and the darkness caused by the electricity took the place of sky rockets, roman candles and fire crackers.

The ice on the carbon in many of the electric lights prevented them from burning and the darkness caused by this only added to the effect of the display arranged by Santa Claus. The flashes from the trolley wires were reflected throughout the city and were to be seen as long as the cars attempted to run.

The bad weather did not interfere with the happiness of the children of Atlanta.

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**"77"**  
FOR  
**GRIP**

**37**—A 25c vial leads to a Dollar flask.  
At druggists or sent on receipt of price.  
Ask for Dr. Humphreys' Specific Manual  
of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed  
Free.  
Humphreys' Medicine Company, New  
York.

This is the verdict of hundreds of smart buyers who have taken advantage of our

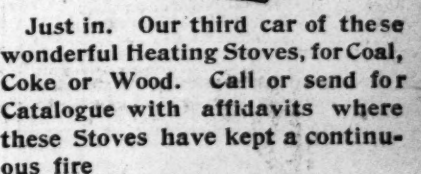
**Of \$15, \$14, \$12.50 Men's Suits  
AT \$10 EACH.**

A great many have been sold during the past few days, but we still have a splendid selection of these excellent bargains. We also continue our sale of Men's \$5.00, \$4.50 and \$4.00 Trousers

And you can still pick from about fifteen dozen Derbies worth from \$2.00 to \$3.00

This sale holds good until Xmas only.  
Ignore these values, and you ignore great opportunities for economy.

"Estate Oaks."



**73 Hours with 40 lbs. Coal!**  
The saving of fuel in one season  
pays the cost of an "Estate Oak."

**16-inch Coal Hods 10c.**  
**Decorated Coal Vases \$1.00.**  
**Come and take them with you.**

\$12.00 Gas Radiators \$8.00.  
\$10.00 Gas Radiators \$6.00.  
\$6.00 Gas Stoves \$3.50.

**The most economical Gas Heaters  
made below cost.**

For useful as well as ornamental Xmas gifts we have Brass Fire Sets, Brass Andirons, Coal Hod and Penders, Chaffin Dishes, Five o'clock Teas that we will close out regardless of cost.

At special low prices during the Holidays.

**We are still Headquarters for Mantels, Tiles and Grates.**

8

БЕШИНОВАТИ

**The Old Reliable Plumbers, Steam  
and Gas Fitters.**

Continued on Tenth Page.

Continued on Tenth Page.



## THESE ARE LAWS OF THE GEORGIA STATE

Complete List of Bills Receiving  
a Constitutional Majority.

WERE SIGNED BY GOVERNOR

Resolutions and Appropriations That Went  
Through and Became Effective.

LIST OF LAWS PASSED NO BRIEF ONE

A Full and Fair Review of the Work  
of Georgia's General Assembly

for the Session Just Ended.

Worked Harder Than  
It Seemed.

Every bill and resolution which passed the recent legislature and received the approval of the governor has been turned over to the secretary of state, and all the new law which was enacted is now being inscribed upon the statute books in legal script. The Constitution told in full of action on each of the individual measures day by day during the session, but no collection of all the general bills and resolutions has yet been made. It is given this morning in order that all readers may post themselves, and care has been taken to explain the character of the measures fully whenever the written title was of a technical nature. Of course the local bills are not included, they having been printed by title both on the occasion of their introduction and when they were finally acted upon.

In the following list the resolutions are printed first, the house bills second, the senate bills third and the amendments to the code fourth:

### Resolutions.

By Mr. McElrath, that the state librarian be directed to deliver to Miss C. C. Sikes in charge of the Georgia room of the confederate museum in Richmond, the last order of the confederate government.

By Mr. Webb, to refund to J. W. Chambers \$100 overpaid by him as special tax.

By Mr. Calvin, providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate the report the best system for the regulation of banking in the state.

By Mr. Charters, to provide for a committee to inspect the Northeastern railroad.

By Mr. Boffeillet, to subscribe for and purchase copies of a book of Georgia forms and practice.

By Mr. Calvin, providing for a commission to communicate with the legislatures relative to the making and caring for the graves of confederate soldiers in northern states.

By Mr. Felder, tendering the state capital to the United Confederate Veterans' Association.

By Mr. Swift, that a committee be appointed from the house to investigate the right of Hon. R. U. Harman, to certain fees.

By Mr. McElrath, to provide for the relief of Nick King.

By Mr. Blalock, to appropriate compensation for pensioners, etc.

By Mr. Felder, providing that when the general assembly adjourns today it take a recess until 10 o'clock Monday, the 13th instant, and that the 12th instant be declared a day of mourning.

By Mr. Edwards, extending thanks to Hon. Augustus H. Woodward, commissioner of the Tennessee Centennial.

By Mr. Armstrong, appropriating the sum of \$200 to compensate the joint committee of the house and senate appointed to confer with the trustees of the university, as to the expenditures of the federal fund of said university.

By Mr. McElrath, memorializing congress to enact a law for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

By Mr. Little, to pay exonerator.

By Mr. Felder, to pay David Heard \$50 for twenty-five days' service as porter in house sessions.

By Mr. Little, to appropriate \$2,000 to supply a deficit in the general appropriation of the general fund.

By Mr. Calvin, to appoint a committee of fifteen citizens to secure an exhibit of the products and resources of the state of Georgia at the trans-Mississippi and International exposition.

By Mr. Timmerman, to reimburse J. L. Horn, sheriff of Webster county, etc.

By Mr. Gray, to admit Edith Goddard in the deaf and dumb institute at Cave Springs.

By Mr. Dunwoody, authorizing the state librarian to deliver to the judges of the United States circuit court in the northern districts of Georgia certain volumes of the Georgia reports.

By Mr. Caldwell, receding that a certain sum of money be paid the clerk of the house and the assistant secretary of the senate for expenses.

By Mr. Nevin, providing a recommendation of this assembly that United States senators be elected by the people.

By Mr. Reese, to pay salary of Richard Johnson, commissioner of pensions from 15th of December, 1886, to 31st of December, 1888, inclusive.

By Mr. Hall, to appropriate the sum of \$50 to pay the pension of Amanda Thornton.

By Mr. Burwell, to appropriate \$75 for expenses incurred by committee in taking testimony in Clay county.

By Mr. Timmerman, to appropriate the sum of \$241.82 to D. L. Wardner and the sum of \$250 to T. R. Stanley, etc.

By Mr. Little, providing for the payment

of the assistant doorkeeper of the house, provided for by resolution of the house, etc.

By Mr. Little, memorializing congress to join the joint finance committee of the house and senate to investigate the office of the state treasurer, etc.

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## A REVIEW OF THE PASSING YEAR IN THE CITY, AT THE CAPITOL AND RAILROADS

Continued from Ninth Page.

The house and senate, are just recuperating from the arduous duties which the recent session imposed on them. Uncle Mark is grooming himself for future service, and the Hon. Bill is nursing that notoriously athletic arm of his.

### REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR IN THE SEVERAL COURTS OF THE COUNTY.

The past twelve months have been busy ones in the state and city courts, and the volume of business has been exceedingly large, eclipsing all previous years, both from the importance of the cases and the large amounts which have been involved. In criminal courts the cases tried have been large and a number of capital crimes have been the issue.

In Judge Lumpkin's court there have been many cases which have been of more than passing interest. The Flynn will case, involving the vast estate left by Mrs. Catherine Flynn, has been before the court and the spicy charges brought by the caveators have attracted more than usual attention. In this litigation alone there was a fee of \$10,000 paid the counsel appointed to represent the executor, Mr. Jack J. Spalding.

The Steinhilber case, from a civil and criminal standpoint, has been an unusual piece of litigation. Resulting from the appointment of the receiver, has been the sale of the stock of goods in the three stores of Louis Steinhilber, and just before this side of the case was passed upon was the sensational trial of Walter Quinn for the murder of Policeman Ponder, who was murdered while he was in the wholesale house of Steinhilber.

Tom Cyrus was sentenced to be hanged during the year and he is now on the eve of his execution.

Judge Berry has tried many cases of importance and his court has been in almost continuous session since the beginning of the year. In his second division of the city court he has been busy and his docket will show that a vast amount of business, larger than in any preceding year, has been disposed of.

Judge Roddy's court, with its jurisdiction over the railroads, corporations and individuals, making a record of business that is probably without a parallel in court history.

Judge Candler has disposed of hundreds of criminal cases and has also found time and opportunity to hear civil arguments in those cases in which Judge Lumpkin was disqualified.

### DEEDS AND MISDEEDS OF THE PRESENT YEAR IN DEKALB COUNTY.

The past year has been a very eventful one in Decatur and DeKalb county.

Few years in its history have brought about so many things of a sensational nature, and the people have been almost continually on the qui vive of excitement since the first day of the year.

Old citizens say that this was an off year, for the citizens are proud of the record that the county holds for being one of the most orderly in the state, and every citizen feels that it is a part of his duty to maintain that character for the citizens of the little commonwealth.

But vigilance was not yet abandoned and the peaceful valleys and silent hills that comprise its territory. Efficient officers and strict laws seemed powerless to stop the current of events that were destined to carry the county to the front rank of notoriety.

Everything from murder to marriage has occurred in the county, and they have not been the common run of these things. They have been of an unusual nature.

A few hours before the year 1897 passed away and went down into history as a peaceful, quiet and orderly year, the report was spread through the county that a terrible murder had been committed. The first, with one exception, in a long time, and one that for its atrocity and unparalleled cruelty, was never equaled in the county.

Everybody was talking of Flanagan, the murderer. In a spirit of anger, jealousy and hatred, he had with deliberate premeditation and cool calculation taken a drink of whiskey to steady his nerves, and with his pistol he walked into the dining room of his host and fired at the inmates around the table eating their evening meal, killing two women—Mrs. Allen and Miss Ruth Slack—and wounding George Allen so seriously that his recovery was doubtful for several days.

The remainder of the evening and his history familiar. The murderer remains in the county jail and after two trials at the county and the supreme court, has been twice found sane, but now awaits a hearing for a new trial before the supreme court. Thus it was that the new year was ushered in with ill-omen that followed it through its course.

Early in December, about the middle of the month, an election was held in the county. This brought together a large number of voters from Decatur, the oldest city in the county, and the largest in this part of the state for many years.

Immediately after the result of the election was known and it was found that Decatur had lost the seat of government, the internal strife and feeling manifested itself. The courts were appealed to. The representatives of the county were divided on the issue, and the fight was carried to the legislature. Here it assumed immense proportions. The citizenry of the county marshaled their forces on the two sides, and the best legal talent was employed to present the reasons why each place should have the county seat.

It seemed a game of chance, and the wheel of fortune sent it as each day's proceedings came to a close. The decisions of the courts had all been against Decatur, and the seat of government was being moved to Stone Mountain.

When the final vote came Decatur won, and the fight was thought to be at an end, but recently it again arose, and its volcanic action now threatens the peace of the two towns.

During the February term of the court, Terrell Hudson, a negro, was tried for the murder of Malcolm Johnson because the latter would not let Hudson turn with a pistol. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the state prison for life.

The supreme court would not give him a new trial, and the governor saw no reason to commute the sentence. On June 11th he was hanged on the gallows before a large number of morbid onlookers. The nerves of the people had scarcely resumed their normal condition before one bright morning in early spring, as the cold rays were warming out the winter, and the birds sang and all nature rejoiced, another murder startled the county.

In the place where crime is avenged, H. S. Perry shot to death Bealy Lanier.

The killing was done in the courthouse, within a short distance of where the murderer was tried, convicted and sentenced. It is remembered that Perry followed Lanier from Atlanta to Ingleside, and there fired three times at him, but failed to hit him. He was then taken to the county jail, and after being taken to Decatur and carried into the courthouse, he fired the fatal shot.

Perry was hanged in September.

During the spring the farmers planted large crops, and the fields were filled with grain in July, when large supplies for the winter were laid by. The fight for the county seat grew warmer. The news of a Flanagan and Perry during the summer attracted much attention, and the fall term of the court, with the recommendations of the grand jury, gave the public something to think about. One of the recommendations was the abolition of the city court of the county. This brought on another fight that was not finished until the end of the session of the legislature, which failed to pass the bill to destroy it.

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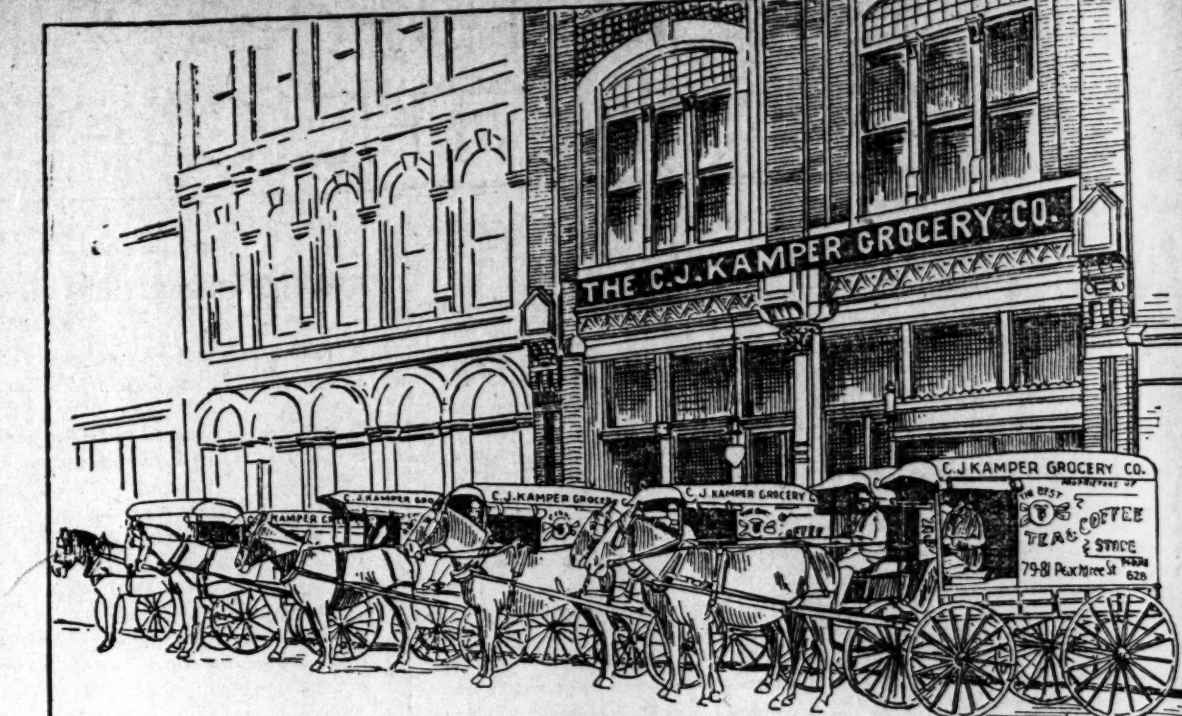
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## HOW WE MANAGE TO DO IT.

The above describes how we are prepared to do business, and, to give an idea of the amount and kind we are doing, we will state that during the past week there was scarcely an hour between six a. m. and six p. m. when this noble array of delivery wagons was not pushed to their utmost to deliver the goods we had sold. What better evidence is necessary to prove that the

## BEST PEOPLE APPRECIATE HIGHEST GRADE GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES

AND TRADE AT

## THE BEST TEA AND COFFEE STORE,

79 AND 81 PEACHTREE STREET.

By Mr. Turner, so amends an act approved on November 12, 1893, as to allow corporations created for library, church, charitable, school or educational purposes, to revive their charters by process of superior court, within ten years of expiration, instead of three formerly.

By Mr. Dinwiddie, to establish a board of dental examiners, and compel graduates and others wishing to practice dentistry to obtain certificates of proficiency from the board or examiners.

By Mr. Little, so amends 2700 of the code of 1886, as to permit superior courts to amend and renew charters, whether originally granted by the general assembly or by a superior court.

By Mr. Chapman, to amend section 413 of the penal code of 1886, punishing owners and operators of gambling saloons, billiard rooms or places where shall allow minors to play therein without permission from parents or guardians.

By Mr. Hudson, amends section 1443 volume 1, code of 1886, so as to permit confederate veterans, who have resided in the state three years preceding their application, to engage in the business of fire insurance agent or solicitor, without payment of license.

By Mr. Blalock, so amends section 1047 of the penal code as to give insane convicts trial by superior court instead of before an examining jury.

By Mr. Whitaker, to amend section 4041 of the code of 1886, as to permit applicants for foreign patents to submit affidavits in place of bond.

By Mr. Little, so amends section 1030 of volume 3 of code of 1886, as to require judges to give copies of charges to applicants before argument begins, instead of before the beginning of the charge, as now in force.

By Mr. Starr, so amends section 1030 of volume 3 of code of 1886, as to require judges to give copies of charges to applicants before argument begins, instead of before the beginning of the charge, as now in force.

By Mr. Phinizy, repeals an act approved February 18, 1897, and alters the manner of incorporating towns and villages.

By Mr. Meldrum, so amends section 1444 of the code of 1886, as to require the railroad, insurance, express, telegraph, naval or navigation company, to change the value of each share of stock, or change the number of the board of directors.

By Mr. Calvin, so amends paragraph 1, section 8, acts of 1896, as to authorize stockholders to guarantee the fidelity of insurance companies, and fidelity and deposit companies to become surety upon affidavits, to be filed with the clerk of the county officers bonds, to deposit stock or national bonds to the amount of \$50,000.

By Mr. Berry, which compels assessment of land for taxation, and makes an assessment of the policy on its face.

By Mr. Boyd, so amends section 211 of the code of 1886, as to require the assessment of the policy on its face.

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## \$5000 A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE FREE

THE WOMEN'S IDEAS IN NOW EARNING \$50,000 ANNUALLY FROM ADVERTISING AND SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS.

HOW MANY TIMES THE LETTER "A" IS USED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

This is a lottery—no winning words, with many incorrect answers. In fact every contestant can be a positive winner if he only takes the necessary time and study. After you think you have found the entire number of A's send it to the publisher of this paper.

OUR REWARDS To the person sending us the largest list of the letter "A" we will pay out the money as follows: \$500 to the first, \$250 to the second, \$100 to the third, and \$50 to the fourth.

OTHER VALUABLE GIFTS send list of over 20 letters a prize of a gold Diamond Ornament will be given to the person sending us the largest list of the letter "A" we will pay out the money as follows: \$500 to the first, \$250 to the second, \$100 to the third, and \$50 to the fourth.

HOW CAN WE DO THIS We have undertaken to build a tremendous circulation in a short time. Our plan is to send out a million copies of this paper free of charge to every household in the world. We have made extraordinary efforts to build a tremendous circulation in a short time. Our plan is to send out a million copies of this paper free of charge to every household in the world.

FULLY GUARANTEED To refund anyone who publishes the name of those who secure awards next month, showing gratitude to whom we have given over \$20,000 in prizes. Address letter and enclose subscription to WOMEN'S IDEAS PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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# SUNDAY SONGS AND SERMONS IN ATLANTA'S CHURCHES OF GOD

Interesting Services of Praise and Prayer Are Announced by the City Ministers and the Sunday School Superintendents Today, To Which the Public Is Cordially Invited.

A special musical programme will be rendered at the Unitarian church today by a select quartet. Mrs. Garrison will sing the offertory.

The officers of the Church of the Incarnation, for whose benefit the recent concert was given, desire to express their hearty thanks to all who assisted in making it a success. To all singers who so kindly gave their time and talents they are most truly grateful. They wish especially to record their high appreciation of the untiring faithfulness and remarkable activity with which Mr. Joseph Maclean discharged the responsible duties of musical director.

Rev. W. S. Vail, at the Church of Our Father, will hold a special Christmas service at 11 a. m. Excellent and appropriate music will be furnished and Mr. Vail will discourse on "The Christmas Hope of Heaven Contrasted with That of the Scientist and the Philosopher."

The railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association has provided for an interesting service at the rooms, 405 East Alabama street, this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. R. V. Atkinson, D. D., will be the speaker and his remarks will be appropriate to the Christmas occasion. The meeting is open to all railroad people, both ladies and gentlemen, and any friends they may wish to bring with them. A cordial invitation is also extended to any of the city's people or strangers who might wish to attend. There will be a glad welcome for all.

The sacred songs of "Hosanna" and "King of Glory," compositions by J. P. O'Donnell, will be sung today in New York, Boston, Washington and Chicago.

Church of the Holy Trinity, Decatur, Rev. Clarence E. Frankel, priest in charge, will conduct special Christmas service at 2:30 o'clock. A select musical Christmas programme will be rendered by the choir. The public is cordially invited.

Special services will be held this evening at 7:30 o'clock by the church of Spiritual Unfoldment at the Knights' hall in the Kiser building. The subject of the lecture will be "The Spiritual Mission of Jesus." The lecture will be followed by spirit phenomena. The public is invited. Seats free.

The Sunday school of the First Methodist Episcopal church will observe Sunday by a service of song, recitations and other interesting features. The members of the church and congregation, and especially parents of the children who attend the school, are invited to be present at 9:30 a. m. The school is in a most flourishing condition, its teachers and officers zealous and faithful, and on the last Sunday of the year they hope to have a reunion of scholars, parents and friends. The school is open to all who may attend.

(Notices intended for this column must be received at The Constitution office not later than Friday evening to secure classification.)

## Methodist.

First Methodist church, corner Peachtree and Houston streets, Rev. Walker Lewis, D. D., pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. M. J. Cooper. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Class meeting 2 p. m. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. All are given a cordial welcome.

Trinity church, corner Whitehall and Trinity streets, Rev. J. W. Roberts, D. D., pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Humphreys, superintendent.

Boulevard Methodist, corner Boulevard and Houston streets, Rev. A. J. Thomas, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. B. Shepley, superintendent.

Park Street, West End, Rev. John D. Robins, D. D., pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. C. H. Mitchell, superintendent. Seats free.

Walker street, corner Walker and Junction streets, Rev. Dr. W. C. Anderson, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. C. A. Turner, superintendent.

Kayne Memorial Methodist, corner Luckie and Union streets, Rev. W. B. Brindley, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. F. F. Parker, superintendent.

Test, assistant superintendent. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday, prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Thursday and Friday. Officials' meeting as announced from pulpit.

St. John's Methodist, corner Pryor street and Georgia avenue, Rev. H. J. Ellis, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. H. C. Catchings, superintendent.

St. Luke's Methodist church, Rev. W. T. Bell, pastor, corner Berne and Borne streets, preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. St. James's church, Rev. Thomas R. McCarty, pastor, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Asbury Methodist, corner Davis and Poultry streets, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Fletcher, superintendent. Epworth League at 5 p. m.

Merritt Avenue Methodist, preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. W. B. Bigham, pastor, and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Dr. Stradley. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. A. Fraser, superintendent. Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m.

Wesley Chapel, North Atlanta, Rev. W. A. Parsons, pastor. Services at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. T. Southard, superintendent.

Trinity Home mission, preaching at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by the pastor.

East End Methodist church, preaching every third Sunday by the pastor, Rev. W. C. Pierce, and every first Sunday by Rev. H. M. Newton.

Oakland City, preaching in the afternoon at 2:30 p. m. by the pastor, Sunday school and song service at 3 p. m. W. H. Holcomb, superintendent. Bible reading and prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. You are invited.

Dead Memorial, on Washington Heights, Rev. C. W. Cluskey, pastor, preaching on second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sabbath school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Ed H. Yancy, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday night, Epworth League Friday night. All are welcome.

Decatur Street Mission, 228 Decatur street, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Regular services every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 7:30 o'clock. Breakfast served free every Sunday morning from 8:30 to 9:30; also devotion services at the same time. Sunday school at 9:30 p. m. H. H. Borge, superintendent.

Methodist Protestant church, Mitchell's chapel, Rev. W. S. Costley, pastor, preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by the pastor. John Anderson, superintendent.

West Atlanta, on West Hunter car line, near Ashby street, Rev. F. W. McCleskey, pastor, preaching on first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night. All invited.

Epworth church, Edgewood, Rev. S. R. Ledbetter, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Peters Street Gospel Mission, located at 24 Peters street. Meeting every Sunday at 8:30 a. m. for the poor at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Edgewood Methodist, services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

Kirkwood Methodist church, Rev. H. W. Johnson, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

East Point Methodist Episcopal church, preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. R. F. Thompson, superintendent.

St. Paul M. E. church, East Hunter street, Rev. S. H. Dimon, pastor, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Proctor meeting Wednesday at 7:45 p. m. by Dr. W. C. Pierce, Epworth League meeting at 7:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, corner Walton and Forsyth streets, Rev. W. L. Landrum, D. D., pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Second Baptist church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets, Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. A. C. Hriscoe and E. H. Thornton, superintendents. All are cordially invited to these services.

Third Baptist church, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Central Baptist church, corner Walker and Stonehall streets, Rev. R. L. Motley, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. F. P. Moncrief, superintendent.

Young People's church, corner Young and Ponce de Leon streets, Rev. J. W. P. Young, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Ladies' Aid Society Monday 5 p. m. Fellowship at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor.

Fifth Baptist church, corner Bell and Gilmer streets, Rev. A. W. Bell, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Fred L. Allen, superintendent.

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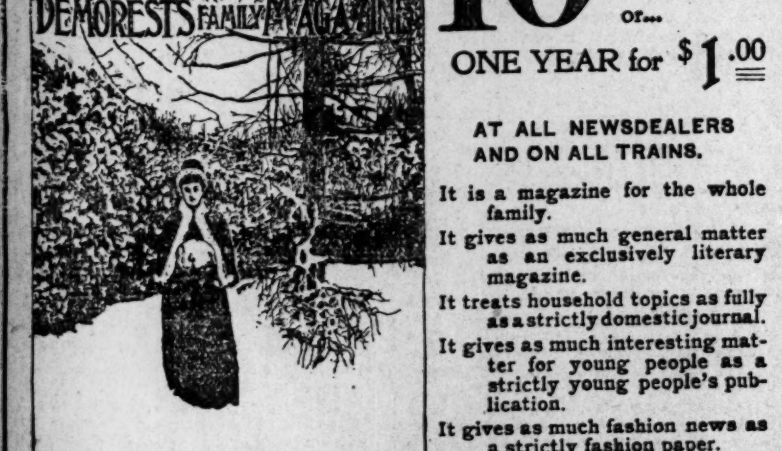
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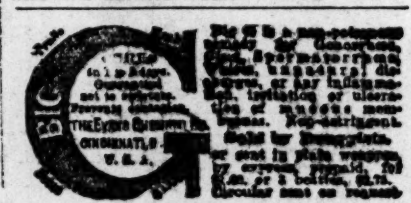
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## MUSE'S NEWS.

VOL. II.

ATLANTA, SUNDAY, DEC. 26, 1897.

NO. 60.

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## NEXT WEEK'S

## BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

Next week's Bargain offerings are right in line with our up-to-date methods of under selling. For gift pieces for the Holidays our line of Odd Chairs, Fancy Chairs in all woods, Parlor Cabinets, China Closets, Bookcases and a wealth of Novelties have been placed for your selection. Our stock fairly glistens with Holiday beauty . . . . .

## OUR MAMMOTH 20 PER CENT REDUCTION SALE

Continues for only a few days longer. You should take advantage of this sale, as it will be a big saving on your purchases for Holiday Gifts. . . . .

R. J. Crutcher  
53 PEACHTREE ST.



Nothing this year has furnished a more interesting story of progress than that of the Atlanta Woman's Club, which, though only three years old, ranks first among the organizations of the kind in the country. Its history is well known, since its meeting occurred in the home of the founder, Mrs. W. B. Lowe, who was the first president. Her brilliant successor, Mrs. J. K. Otley, developed its every department during her year's administration, and now

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Her dark eyes, shaded by dark, well-arched

Mr. Hope to be much criticized, for h

Continued on Fifteenth Page

sun tues fri



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75c a yard

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89c a yard

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Miss Dixon, of Cin-  
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elegantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris  
delightfully in honor  
William Jackson.

entertained at an ex-  
afternoon, also Mr. and  
in the evening Mr. and  
and Candless had gathered  
their hospitable home a  
the enjoying old-fashion-

ar's Gavel.  
was made and there  
in as to revive the  
Year's calling. It will  
of this year. The at-  
tended Mrs. James Warren  
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to occur at the Capital  
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as well as enjoyable  
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olden time" will make  
men and women.

left yesterday for  
the Christmas tide

December 25—(Special)—  
week there have been  
parties, but only one  
was given by Mr. and  
in celebration of their  
versary. The handsome

# PLAYS PLAYERS BY HENRY GRADY



The Grand will be opened for two attractions the coming week and on both occasions an Atlanta favorite will hold the boards. Last week we had a week of comedy, but this week the drama will hold forth. Otis Skinner and James O'Neill are the two favorites who will appear at the Grand this week. Skinner comes first and on Wednesday and Thursday he will present his new play, "Prince Rudolph." Of all the actors and plays now on the stage, Skinner and his new play are probably receiving the most flattering notices. O'Neill comes the latter part of the week and during his engagement will present "The Dead Heart" and "Monte Cristo."

Comedy will hold the boards at the Columbia theater the entire week. The Peters and Green Comedy Company will present up-to-date comedies. The Clara Schumann ladies' orchestra will give a sacred concert tonight at the Grand.

This is one of the best musical organizations now touring the country, and being composed entirely of young ladies, is one of the most interesting attractions of the season. A select programme has been arranged to suit all tastes, and the music is of the highest merit. It is promised to the music lovers of Atlanta.

Another concert will be given Monday night and the programme will be made up of popular music. The Joliet Post, giving a notice of the concert there, said: "One of the most delightful musical programmes ever presented in this city was given last night at the Joliet theater by the Clara Schumann ladies' orchestra. The mere novelty of an orchestra composed entirely, with the exception of the director, of young ladies is enough to attract a large audience, but they demonstrated last night that their fame does not rest upon so slim a basis as novelty. Even the most critical in the large crowd present could but admit that the Clara Schumann ladies' orchestra is the title of artist in the strictest sense of the word."

**Otis Skinner's Play.**  
The dramatic event of the coming week will be the presentation which Otis Skinner will make at the Grand Wednesday and Thursday of a new romantic comedy, called "Prince Rudolph." "Prince Rudolph" is a dramatization of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's earlier stories, and in it Mr. Skinner has found the vehicle for which he has been looking for the past three years. The story the play tells is interesting and should appeal alike to men and women.

In the early part of the present century the reigning prince of the tiny German principality, Kronenfeld, died. He was, by name, married to the daughter of a neighboring grand duke, Edora. Rudolph, aed but little for the affairs of state, and as the marriage was a loveless one, appointed his wife regent, she being of an amiable nature. The prince found his pleasure in hunting, fishing, and other sports, and when he happened to be at court, and writing verses. The princess was completely under the domination of her prime minister, the Baron von Kanderberg, who was an arch schemer, plotting for the overthrow of the principality and of the establishment in its place of a republic, with himself as first president and he used the princess to further his designs. Related one evening on a hunting expedition, Rudolph takes refuge at the house of a farmer peasant, and there learns of the existence of a plot for his overthrow, and he also accidentally meets his wife, and falls in love with her. Upon his return to the palace the prince finds a ball in progress, given in honor of an English nobleman, who is a visitor at the court, and through a diary which has been confiscated and accidentally falls into his hands, the prince discovers that scandal has been very busy with the names of his wife and the prime minister. Rudolph's return has been somewhat unexpected, and has interfered with von Kanderberg's plans. Von Kanderberg calls a meeting of the council an hour before the usual time, seeking to obtain from the treasury of the state, under the guise of a war fund, a large sum of money which he intends to use for his own purposes. The princess, who is ordered to sign the order, they all agree save one, a cousin of the prince, who, knowing that Rudolph is in the palace, not only refuses to sign, but insists that the prince be called. A quarrel is precipitated between the prime minister and the doctor, and it is at its height when the doors open, the prince is announced, and for the first time in the history of his reign asserts his authority, and more than this, he denounces von Kanderberg to the princess.

The witty prime minister explains to the council that the prince is mistaken in all that he has said, and induces her to sign a warrant for Rudolph's arrest. This is brought about by the news coming to the ears of the princess that the prince is about to revoke the orders of the regency at the next meeting of the council. The prince is warned of his impending arrest by the mistress of the prime minister, but he refuses to take advantage of the knowledge, and finding him obdurate, the lady goes to the princess and convinces her of von Kanderberg's perfidy.

In the midst of Edora's humiliation von Kanderberg enters her apartment to tell her of the success of his plan. The princess is very angry and very beautiful and the prime minister immediately proceeds to make violent love to the lady. She orders him to leave, which he shows no sign of doing, and, to the astonishment of both, the prince enters. He conducts his wife to an empty room, returns, locks the door, forces von Kanderberg to defend himself, and seriously wounds him, but as the prime minister calls he calls his officers and the prince is arrested. They take him to the prison, and his cousin to the fortress prison of the principality.

The princess having seen her error, has signed an order for her husband's release, and has confided it to the lady who has shown her friendship so positively to the prince. She has taken the order to Drachen-

stein. Upon gaining his freedom Rudolph's first thought is for the safety of his wife, for the populace have risen. He goes to the castle to find her, but she has been driven out and they meet in the same cottage, which is the locale of the first act; here all is forgiven and forgotten. Edora finds in Rudolph that which her heart has so long desired, and he, man like, is overwhelmingly happy in his new found love. His friends, meanwhile, have rallied to his aid and the revolution is suppressed and the final curtain shows the reunited couple rulers in fact. Mr. Skinner has paid to be given and some new faces will be of the play and they are certainly handsome. It is company this year is said to be one of exceeding excellence. His leading lady is Maud Durbin and the opposite parts are played by Frederick Mosley. "Prince Rudolph" has been one of the really great dramatic successes of the year. There will be a matinee Thursday afternoon.

**Peters and Green.**  
The Peters and Green company, a comedy organization of much merit, will hold the boards all the coming week at the Columbia theater.

This is a return engagement, the company having made such a good impression when it was here before. New comedies will be given and some new faces will be of the play and they are certainly handsome. It is company this year is said to be one of exceeding excellence. His leading lady is Maud Durbin and the opposite parts are played by Frederick Mosley. "Prince Rudolph" has been one of the really great dramatic successes of the year. There will be a matinee Thursday afternoon.

**When London Sleeps.**  
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ragged clothes, utter obscurity of the hand-cast show in the minstrel business, and they have been burnt cork artists for a long time. McAvoy and Doyle, the buck dancers, come with this minstrel and they are tip-top artists.

Field and Hanson have a first-class, old-fashioned minstrel show, and there are no real "cottons" with them. They will on Friday and Saturday, with the regular matinee Saturday.

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OTIS SKINNER.

It shows how he ignores his own power in order to fight hand to hand, a duel to the death with his greatest enemy, Bertrand Latour, and how, in the very moment when his last revenge is to be completed, he saves the son of Catherine Duval, his young but loved son, by answering to his call to the scaffold and dying under the knife in a glorious exhibition of self-sacrifice, which is one of the mightiest martyrdoms of history.

Mr. O'Neill's acting of Robert Landry is said to be such as to fairly dry discussion, even by those friends of his in this city, who have come to regard him with the highest admiration. It is likely that not for many years will the public here see so complete and admirable a piece of acting as is displayed by Mr. O'Neill in the Bastille scene, when, seeing actual despair for the first time in eighteen years, he passes from a pitiful condition of idleness into a recollection of his friends, of his wife and of his love, Mr. Jefferson has created such a scene in "Rip Van Winkle" when he awakens from his twenty-years' slumber and holds the stage alone with a monologue performance which continues until he is fully awake. Mr. O'Neill has no such protracted ordeal as that, but the approach is near enough to justify the comparison.

With a disguise such as even his warmest friends cannot penetrate—long, black beard,



A SCENE IN "WHEN LONDON SLEEPS."

steel show are considered the finest musical team in the minstrel business, and they have been burnt cork artists for a long time. McAvoy and Doyle, the buck dancers, come with this minstrel and they are tip-top artists.

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## NEWS OF SOCIETY.

Continued from Fourteenth Page.

residence of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes was decorated with bamboo and holly and mistletoe, and they were assisted in receiving their guests by Mr. and Mrs. William Brinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chappell, Miss Jennie Cross, Miss Lizzie Cross, Miss Kathleen Cross, Miss Lela Hardeman, Miss Geraldine Desau and Miss Cordelia Desau. Mrs. Barnes wore a becoming gown of purple velvet and carried La France roses. Mrs. Brunson was attired in pink silk. Mrs.

Emma Wise, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Ida Manahan, Miss Mary Lamar Patterson, Miss Lena Heath, of Charlotte, N. C.; Miss Martha Johnston, Miss Korman, of Ulica, N. Y.; Miss Julia Hugenin, Miss Caroline English, Miss Marion Speer, Miss Delle Rogers, Miss Louise Rogers, Miss Bertha Williamson, Miss Edith Stetson, Miss Grace, Miss Mamie Wiley, Miss Birdie Coleman, Miss Lella May Sannet and Miss Carrie Harris. Tuesday night the Misses Cobb gave a power party to a few young ladies and gentlemen.

Wednesday night General John B. Gordon lectures for the benefit of the Macon Public Library, and his daughter, Miss Caroline Lewis Gordon, will accompany him to Macon, and will be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. McDevren Johnston, at "Bonnybrae," her beautiful home. A German will be given Wednesday night in Miss Gordon's honor.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Clifford Orr and Miss Emily Carnes gave a reception at Mrs. Orr's residence, on College street.

Friday afternoon Miss Patterson entertains at cards, complimentary to Mrs. Charles M. Bartlett.

Friday night a domino game will be danced at the Volunteers' armory for the benefit of the Public Library, and the subject of this meeting is a discussion of cotton factories in America, and particularly in our own section of the state. Mrs. E. J. Williamson and Mrs. Mallory Taylor have charge of the programme.

Mrs. Jack Lamm and Miss Camille Lamm are visiting Mrs. Valeria Lamm McLaughlin, in New York.

Miss Maud Hill is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Swift, in Thomaston.

Miss Lila Cabanis has gone north to spend the holidays with her brother, Mr. J. W. Cabanis, Jr., who is a student at Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia.

Miss Lavinia, of Atlanta, is visiting Miss Mamie Adams, in Vineville.

Miss Daisy Binson, of Bainbridge, is the guest of Miss Caroline English, in Vineville.

Miss Lena Heath, of Charlotte, N. C., is visiting Miss Edith Stetson.

Miss Lawson Davis is visiting Mrs. Walters, in Albany.

Mrs. Minter Wimberly leaves tomorrow for Washington, Ga.

Mrs. Ellis Talbot leaves soon for Atlanta, to be the guest of Mrs. Joseph Thompson.

Mr. John Lester is visiting his sister, Mrs. Hugh M. Willet.

Mr. Thomas Hardeman is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, Judge and Mrs. John L. Hardeman. Mr. Hardeman is one of the brightest students at the state university.

Mrs. J. B. Matthews, of Savannah, will visit Mrs. Isaac Winslow this week.

**"FUGAZZI SPECIAL."**  
The Large Business Done by an Atlanta Concern.

This was the unique motto that the Southern Express Company gave to the two wagons assigned to the sole purpose of hauling Christmas bananas and other fruits for the above firm—A. Fugazzi & Co. These wagons were pressed into service Monday morning at 6 o'clock working far into the night until Christmas morning. No less than five thousand bunches of bananas were handled by them, to say nothing of other fruit, according to statement of Southern Express agent. Broad street bridge and the union passenger station were almost impassable for the number of banana barrels strewn about. There were by far the busiest people to be seen that week. Mr. George Zimmer, who has charge of the out-of-town department, is a hustler as a shipper, and a well posted fruit man. A. Fugazzi & Co. are among the largest dealers in the south and their business seems to be constantly on the increase, which is well deserved.

**RAPID PROGRESS.**  
What Mr. K. M. Turner Says About the Blackensder Typewriter.

In October, 1888, The Constitution contained a two-column article concerning the latest achievement of the typewriter inventors. A recent visit to the office of K. M. Turner, general southern agent of the Blackensder typewriter, demonstrates the fact that the practical low-priced typewriter is here to stay. It has now been about two years since the Blackensder typewriter was introduced to the southern people, and during the course of that period it has become the most popular of typewriters. The fact that at that time it had saved the people of Georgia the need of pen and ink, and that investigation shows that those who have been using the Blackensder typewriter for the longest period are the loudest in its praise. Another evidence of the popularity of this machine is that although the company is not doing any advertising, but depending only on the merits of the machine to advertise it, and the fact that they have the largest and best equipped typewriter factory in the United States, they are now about 2,000 machines behind orders.

Richard Werner, an Atlanta boy, well known throughout the south, is in immediate charge of the Atlanta office in the Kimball house.

**Good Liquors for Sale.**  
We have purchased the entire stock of the Bailey Liquor Company at 43 Peachtree street, and our doors will open Monday morning to commence a sacrifice sale. Every piece of goods is at a sacrifice price, and the price will be an extra inducement to purchasers. This stock consists of the best brands of liquor, choice old brandy, fine wines—all extra quality in age, taste and digestion. Table wines have always been a specialty in the stock. The stock must be sold to make room for the new goods which have been bought and are now on the road. If you want something of the best, and the time second to none, call on us.

**A Good Route.**  
A good route between the Ohio and Chicago—perhaps the best, is the Monon, with its four trains daily (via C. & N. W. from Cincinnati), and two trains daily from Louisville. The equipment and service is of the best, and the time second to none.

# Lyceum Theater One Big Night, Wednesday, Dec. 29 JAS. H. WALLICK'S BIG SCENIC PRODUCTION WHEN LONDON SLEEPS.

Original company and scenery from the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York.  
**SEE** The famous Heliwell Mansion, the thrilling escape from a burning building of a woman walking a telephone wire. The sensation of New York and London.  
Seats now selling at Phillips & Crew's and Kimball House News Stand.  
Two carloads of special scenery.  
NEXT ATTRACTION, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, FIELD & HANSON'S BIG MINSTRELS.

## THE GRAND OTIS SKINNER SUPPORTED BY MAUD DURBIN, FRED. MOSLEY AND A STRONG COMPANY OF 20 PLAYERS, PRESENTING —HIS NEW ROMANTIC COMEDY— PRINCE RUDOLPH. —DIRECTION OF JOSEPH BUCKLEY.—

"Prince Rudolph" is the greatest success Otis Skinner has ever had.—Louisville Courier-Journal  
Prices—Night—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Matinee—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1  
Sale opens Monday at Grand Box Office. Phone 1079.

## COLUMBIA ONE SOLID WEEK Commencing Monday, December 27. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. PETERS & GREEN COMEDY CO. In a Round of New Musical and Farcial Comedies. MONDAY NIGHT "A QUIET HOME." —PRICES— 10c, 25c and 35c. Ladies Free Monday night if with a person holding a paid 35c ticket purchased before 6 p. m. Monday. Sale at Miller's, under Columbia Theater.

## BARGAINS IN Diamonds Watches AND..... STILSON JEWELER, 55 Whitehall St.

At Stilson's for the Next 30 Days.  
I MEAN IT.

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The piece portrays, in a wonderfully comprehensive manner, the life of that period in French history when republicanism showed what it could do when robbed of the leaven of common sense. There is a prologue dated 1771, filled with rumors of uprisings and with a final monstrous intrigue by which Robert Landry, the hero of the play, is cast into the Bastille "for one week only you say"—a week which does not end for eighteen years, when in 1788, the first act of the play proper opens, with the storming of the Bastille and the release of Robert Landry. Then the play proceeds with the elevation of the hero into a citizen official under the tribunal, with power to carry out his plan of revenge, which has been stepping into a savage bitterness in eighteen years of living death.

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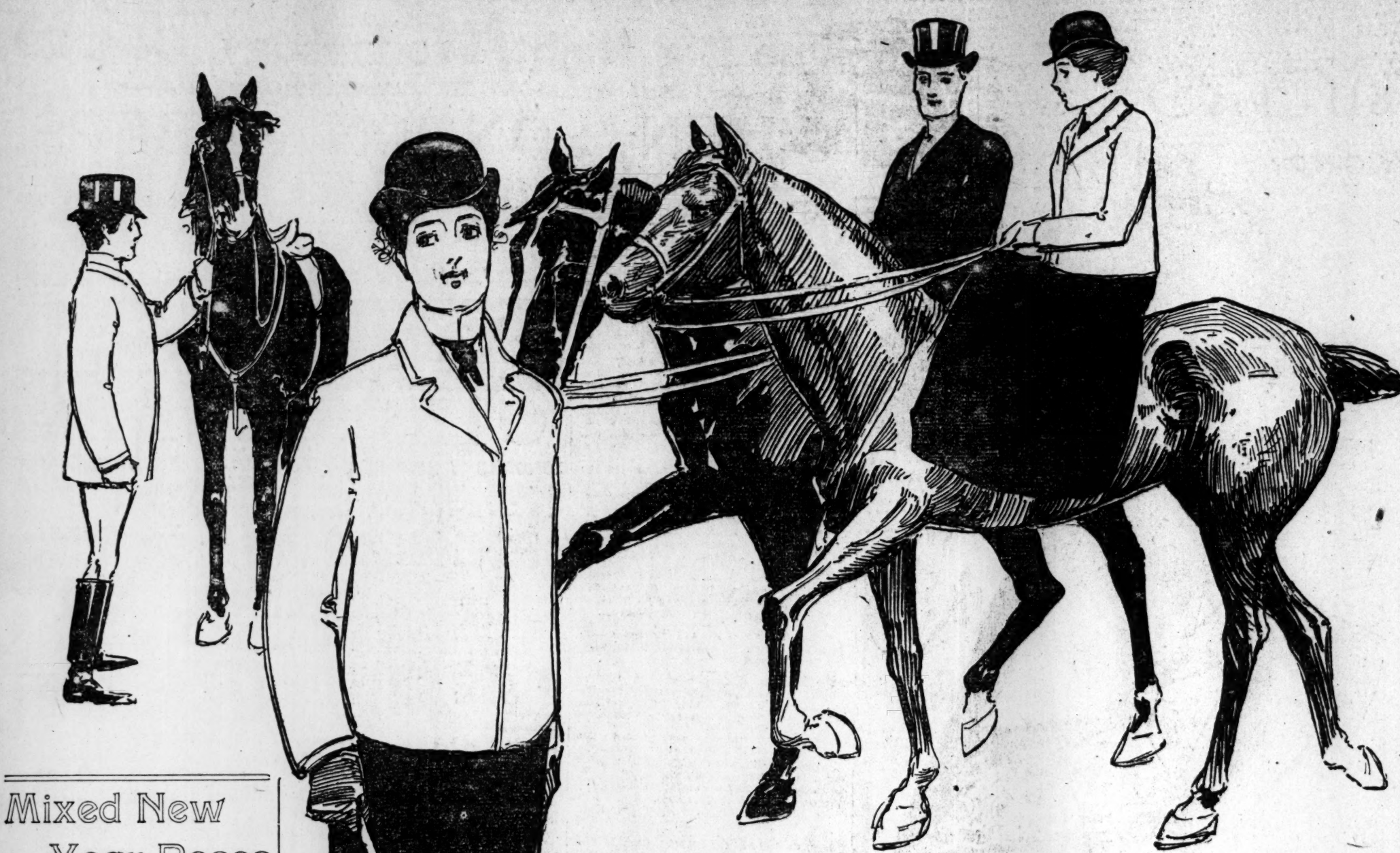
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## This Is the Way Many of Our Smart Set Will Spend New Year's Day

Mixed New  
Year Roses

It was the day before New Year's. Philip had not written for three weeks and Doris was very angry, for while they were not actually engaged, still there was a kind of understanding between them, and the girl remembered that she had betrayed more of her feelings than she had intended the night before he had gone away on a sketching tour. And as a reward she had received one hasty little scrawl, bidding her be "a good little girl" till he came back. That was all. "A good little girl!" indeed? The words seemed to rankle, and a hot flush rose to her face as she repeated them.

"A good little girl"—a child, of course, and anything that had passed between them was just nonsense. He had simply been playing with her, amusing himself watching the warm color flood her cheeks as she listened to his words, words that seemed to mean so much; yet now—bait-of course he had laughed at her confusion—thought of her as a pretty fool, if, indeed, he had even thought her pretty.

She bit her lip with vexation as she thought thus bitterly of her recent admirer. Then she picked up an open letter from the table and began to reread it slowly and critically. It was an old story, this other man's love, and one that had not particularly touched her before, but now she seemed to be drawn a little closer to the writer—he was in earnest at any rate, and there was something pathetic in the way he expressed himself. Of course, he was old, and pleaded his cause for the sake of what he could do for her and hers.

He was a shonorable gentleman, rich and cultured, and his sister was her dearest friend, the one who seemed to understand her best, and hey-day of only Philip's bonny, laughing face would not stay so persistently with her, how easy it would be just to drift on into this haven; to live with her dearest friend and to be petted, and have her every wish gratified by that friend's brother; if only Philip would—but, there, what was the use; one might as well wish for the moon.

And Anna knew about Philip and so did Sir George, and they had been so good about it, only as Anna had said, Philip was rather too much of an unknown quantity for her little girl to trust her life entirely to, but, she had added with rather shame-faced guilt, "as George's wife your power for Philip's best good would be almost unlimited, for I am sure your friend only requires the right kind of influence behind him to become famous; but without it, my dear, he does seem to be making rather a failure of things, doesn't he?"

And Doris had pondered these things in her heart and had held back until love had at last almost overcome her scruples and she had shown Philip that she cared and was prepared to believe that love was better than fame for him, as well as for her, and now—well, she had been a fool, that was all, and she brushed her hand hastily across her eyes to clear the mists that prevented her seeing to read Sir George's letter.

He ended by saying that he was going abroad—unless she bid him stay; that he would not pain her by asking for another interview, but he would see her at the musical New Year's evening, and if she happened to wear a white rose, his favorite flower, in her hair, that he should postpone his trip abroad until she and Anna felt disposed to go, too. But if it pleased her to wear a red one, that he should understand that she refused.

Doris worried over this letter the live-long night; whichever way she turned, she seemed bound to give pain to herself or to others, but when the post brought no letter from Philip, she rose from breakfast with a set face, her mind made up. Later in the day she visited a florist and there she bought a white rose and a red one, and she turned resolutely away and asked to see some white ones, and finally made her choice.

There was one great creamy half-open flower that especially attracted her, among those she had selected; deep down in its shaded heart it grew almost to crimson and the effect fascinated her imagination. It looked almost as if it understood and sympathized with her; and she determined that this should be the one to carry her message that night. She checked the thought ere it had barely risen—and went home to rest before what she felt would be the ordeal of her life. She delayed her dressing till after the last post, but when it had gone, she knew that the die was cast and she turned to her dressing with a feverish haste, as if fearful that something might yet intervene to swing her back again to that depth of humiliating vacillation.

And the white rose! how it gleamed from the dark shadows of her silky hair, gleaming, seemed to palpitate and throbb like some mysterious living thing. She felt half afraid of it, it was so nervous and over-wrought; it seemed the arbitrator of her fate, and her fate was moving on so steadily and surely! Even had she willed it she felt she would be powerless to change its course by the breadth of a hair. She glanced after her reflection in the glass—the shimmering white, with here and there the flash of a jewel; of a dainty, proud face, just touched with the refinement of dark, silky hair; as sweet a thing of breathing

flesh and blood as ever mortal man would need to look upon, and looking, love. But all the glass gave way to her was lost in the light of the gleaming rose that seemed to fairly envelope her and to her nervous fancy to control and dominate her.

An hour later, having spoken a few words to her hostess, Doris sought out a quiet corner in the conservatory and sat there resting and watching the new arrivals. The warmth of the room was grateful after the cold drive and the girl leaned back among the cushions with a sense of quiet peace and even pleasure; after all she had been making a great fuss about nothing, she would be very happy, and Philip—well, she would be able to act the gracious hostess and see him famous, and be glad that the rose had decided things just as it had.

She was glad at last to have it all settled; glad of those few moments to rest in; and by Sir George would come and find her. It was very pleasant here among these tall feathery palms, with the musical splash of the fountain back among the dim shadows; and she had not slept a wink all night owing to that stupid worry and her eyelids drooped. She made an effort to recover, but it seemed that the white rose was pressing her lids down and would not be refused.

Then all was mixed up, the rose was laughing at her and slowly changing its creamy petals to a brilliant crimson; she stared at it and tried weakly to remove it, but the rose only laughed and shook one of its new crimson petals down into her lap as it said: "It's no use your struggling and, forgive my laughing, but I knew that I was a red rose all the time, and I grew this way just to guide you right this night." And then the red rose stooped and kissed her, and she blushed and murmured "Oh, Philip!"

Now, Philip Heritage was by no means the recreant lover that Doris fancied him. He was an enthusiastic young painter, and when really interested in a piece of work, was apt to be entirely oblivious of his surroundings. But he was very honest in love with Doris, though being a conscientious as well as level-headed young man, he deemed that he had no right to bind a girl so young until he had proved that he could keep her in comfort. And when on the night before he went away she had shown him that she cared, he had blessed his stars, but heid manfully to his determination, and gone off with gay, jesting words, little dreaming what the consequence of his reticence would be.

Once away he grew afraid to write. Every letter he tried to pen seemed to cry aloud, "Doris, I love you! I love you!" And so this stupid young man tore them up and got down to his work with a grim determination. He had intended to get back to town in a week or ten days, but he struck such a wealth of color that he stayed on and on, painting away for dear life and never thinking how his long absence would strike the little girl that he was working for.

At last the brilliant colors began to fade, chill winter winds arose, and Philip picked up his traps and went back to town for New Year's night. The same evening he had gone to the musical, and found that she was an old friend, so he marched off to the house, determined to surprise Doris. He arrived early, and after a welcome, pushed toward the conservatory. What he found there was a girl asleep among the cushions of a divan, a girl with a white rose in her hair.

He stood softly behind and stooped over her, then a spirit of mischief seized him and he gently drew the white rose from her hair and replaced it with a red one from his coat. She stirred as he did so and one of the red petals fell to her lap. Then for the first time he noticed that she looked tired and worn, and

Continued on Opposite Page.



'97 GREET'S '98

## KANSAS—THE RICHEST AND THE POOREST SPOT ON EARTH—NEW YORK

A representative of this newspaper asked Governor Leedy, of the "Prosperity State," what measures wealthy Kansas would take to relieve its poor in 1898. At the same time the same question was asked of Dr. Stephen Smith, president of New York's department of charities. The following answers were received:

State of Kansas, Executive Department, Governor's Office, Topeka, Kan., December 14.—To the Editor: I am asked to tell how many poor New York has on the brink of the new year. This is difficult to estimate. New York city has probably more destitute people than there are in all the rest of the United States put together. This is because of the landing of emigrants here. Once here they will not leave.

The poor of New York have always lived in cities and they will not leave the city. We offer them transportation free and hold out inducements of farm lands in Kansas, but to this they say "No!" They prefer to starve in a city than prosper in the country. It is a pitiful thing.

The first three months of last year New York's department of charity sent 11,328 people, destitute and sick, to hospitals. The second quarter 10,000 were sent; the third quarter 8,000; and in this, the last quarter of 1897, there will be about 10,000.

But not all the destitute are sick. We have on an average twenty-five men per day applying to us saying they are hungry. We give them bread and coffee. Last year we assisted 587 blind people to the extent of \$38 each, and we distributed \$15,000 worth of coal to persons worthy and needy. It was a matter of life and death with them. All cases are investigated.

We accommodate sometimes 200 homeless, starving men a night and send them out to look for work the next day.

**CAN'T UNDERSTAND.**

In each of our counties there is always provision by the county authorities for those who find themselves unable to get enough to eat or to keep warm or to find shelter. The class is quite small, of course, and our statutes amply provide for these poor people, who are generally the overflow of some great city. I cannot, therefore, quite understand just what you wish. In all of our counties where there is any necessity for anything of the kind there are poor farms where the county poor are cared for.

If you desire anything further, write the governor and he will comply with your request. Very truly yours,

EDWARD C. LITTLE,  
Secretary to the Governor.

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**STARVING!**

There is not work enough in New York city to keep New York's citizens from starving, and if we could get the tide of popular favor among the extremely poor toward Kansas lands it would be a wonderful thing. We have succeeded in driving out the underground tenements. There used to be thousands of families living in rooms whose ceilings were below the level of the streets. They lived in total darkness. It is now punishable for a landlord to rent such rooms.

The study of how to relieve New York's fearful poverty is the most interesting one offered to the young person of today.

STEPHEN SMITH,  
President New York's Charities.

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On the whole it is a very regularity of creature, prone over with ease, the begin life with a new to the race. Of falls as the old, paved with good in good thing on the It is a day in which it is the best, but welcomed to the man who is a constitution of a stern resolve, which a better chance of a young woman, it is a day to be looked after. The custom of the old as civilization, per in which the the date on which unanimous under the day of all day merry. The anecdotal famous from its bl ideas of making a lized by solemn ser mon, and so difficu almanac that there date when the New Day has been sol of the ancient Chr it was celebrated v sixteenth century uary 1st.

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NEW YORK

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STEPHEN SMITH,  
New York's Charities.

## OLD YEAR '97'S PACKING HIS DUDS

Everybody Is Sorry To See Him  
Go; Still a Warm Welcome  
Awaits His Successor.

### NEW YEARS AN OLD HOLIDAY

On the whole it is a good thing that New Year's day comes around with business-like regularity once a year. Man being by nature a weak and shambling sort of creature, prone to stumble over obstacles that he ought to be able to step over with ease, the coming of a day when he can oil his rusty conscience and begin life with a new lease full of good resolution clauses, is distinctly a benefit to the race. Of course every one knows that the new year will be as full of falls as the old, and the road to a certain inferno will remain, now and forever, paved with good intentions, but still, as was said at the beginning of this, it is a good thing on the whole to have a New Year's Day.

It is a day in which everybody finds some particular charm. To the oldest inhabitant it is the banner day of the year, for remembrance are not only permitted, but welcomed and acknowledged to be singularly appropriate to the season. To the man who begins to realize that he is only mortal after all, and that even a constitution of granite will not stand continual alcoholic ravages, it is a day of stern resolve, which, if nineteenth century customs could be changed, might stand a better chance of being adhered to. To the young man, and incidentally to the young woman, it is a day of the efforts of some to obliterate ancient landmarks, a day to be looked forward to with much painstaking regard for personal appearance. The custom of making New Year's calls may be dying out, as some assert, but if it is it dies hard, and has a surprising amount of vitality still.

The custom of making a day of celebration of the first day of the year is as old as civilization. There have been differences of opinion regarding the manner in which the day should be celebrated, as well as varied opinions regarding the date on which the year properly begins, but there seems to have been a unanimous understanding among the ancient nations that New Year's Day was the day of all days when business should be suspended while the world made merry. The ancient Romans chose to begin their year in March. Christianity famous from its birth for overturning the established usages of time, retained the idea of making a distinct break between the old and the new year, to be signalled by solemn services, but so widely separated were the leaders of the new religion, and so difficult was it in those days to get together to arrange the religious almanac that there continued to be a great diversity of ideas regarding the exact date when the New Year's inauguration should begin. It is a fact that New Year's Day has been solemnized on Christmas Day, while so mixed were the leaders of the ancient Christian church regarding the proper time to begin the year, that it was celebrated variously on Easter Day and on March 1st. It was not until the sixteenth century that, by universal consent, New Year's Day was fixed for January 1st.

New Year's Day has always been a high holiday, in spite of the efforts of certain stern old fathers of the church, notably Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, Peter Chrysologus and others to make it a day on which fasts or prayer should take the place of hilarity. A compromise was effected by which part of the day was given up to feasting and part to prayer, and this has prevailed to the present day.

The reason why all efforts have failed to make the day one devoted exclusively to religious exercises is that the general character of the occasion, the ending of an old year and the beginning of a new, lends itself readily to celebrations of the "high jinks" order. Socially the day's observance seems to have taken about the same form all through past ages. Feasting and the giving and taking of presents have always been the chief employments of New Year's Day. This is shown by the references of Suetonius and Tacitus to the exchanging of New Year's presents. The custom thus begun in ancient days was continued when the new changed and the great western empire was split into sections, and has been pushed along as a good thing ever since.

The church has done its duty by the day, so far as lies in its power, by instituting the custom of ringing in the new year with the merry pealing of bells, and watch night services that bring to prayer many a wayward wanderer to whom the interior of the church is as familiar as the altar of a central African god during 364 days of the year. In many countries the night of New Year's Eve, "St. Sylvester's eve," was celebrated with great festivity, which was prolonged till after 12 o'clock, when the new year was ushered in with congratulations, complimentary visits and mutual wishes for a happy new year. This is an ancient Scottish custom, which also prevails in many parts of Germany where the form of wish, "Froest Neu Jahr"—"May the new year be happy"—sufficiently attests the antiquity of the custom.

In the Roman Catholic church the "Te Deum" is still sung at the close of the old year, and New Year's Day is a holiday of strict obligation.

## A BACKWARD CLANCE

Brief Review of the Record Made  
by the Dying Year.

From the beginning to the end of 1897 progress has been the watchword, and on the banners of men of science, men of business, professional men, leaders in art and literature, church prelates and merchant princes, there has been written in robust characters the motto, "Excelsior!" Looking down from the heights to which the world has climbed during the past twelve months one sees that giant strides have been made in every direction.

The vast field of engineering science has seen some sensational developments. Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven has given us the mighty Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, queen of ocean greyhounds, and the fastest, the handiest and the largest passenger steamer afloat; it has given us the fastest battle ship in the world in the shape of the Japanese fighting craft, Yamashiro, and the speediest vessel in existence in the British torpedo boat Turbina; this last presenting in itself one of the most important advances in steam engineering in that she attains her tremendous rate of speed by means of her steam turbines. Record breaking has been the aim of every naval architect and engineer; the time in which a vessel crosses the Atlantic has been cut down by hours and minutes and seconds until at last a vessel has done the trip in less than six days. Engineers have hammered away at the record times of railroads until today the accomplishment of a speed of sixty miles an hour, which a few years ago would have been regarded as visionary and impossible, has become of such common occurrence as to be considered scarcely worthy of more than passing notice. The use of steam as a motive power has been improved upon. Electric railroading has been found to be a distinct advance. It is operating successfully on the New Haven road in Connecticut and on the overhead railroad in Liverpool, England; while in London it is to make bearable the choking atmosphere of that abomination, the underground railroad. Horseless carriages have ceased to be the butt of the cartoonist's pencil and the joke writer's pen. In three great cities of the new world, London, Paris and New York, motor carriages have become such a familiar sight as to be an object of curiosity to none but country visitors. The important advancement made by electricity is shown by the fact that in 1897 there were eighty-six miles of electric railway, while 1897 finds us with fourteen thousand miles of electric railway, and an increase in the number of electric cars operated from 172 to 37,000.

From a business point of view, 1897 began in gloom and ends in bright sunshine. It was a long time coming. The first half of the year passed and the clouds were still there. They rolled away with a rush when the control of the great steel and iron industries of the world passed from Europe to America. The control of this portion of the world's commerce meant a great tidal wave of prosperity at a time when the country most needed it. The value of imports of iron and steel in 1897 was less than half the value of these imports in 1891, while the exports were twice as great. In fact, the past year has been far in advance commercially speaking, of any previous year. It is evident that the returns to be made in the middle of January will show our exports to run many millions above those of 1896, which has been the record year heretofore.

It has been a great year for advancement of women. Even in the conservative countries of Europe barriers to the onward and upward progress of woman have been removed. In France this has been especially noticeable, many of the restrictions to the higher education of women having been removed. The attempt to secure for women equal privileges with the male students at the university proved a failure, although the faculty had admitted the women to study with the men, pass the same examinations and beat them when they could, which occasionally happened.

In the field of sport, as in the field of science, to break records has been the aim of every contestant. The stars of the year on the bicycle track has been little Jimmie Michael, the Welsh wonder. On the turf a new king has arisen—Hamburg—the mighty son of Hanover and Lady Reel, about whose ownership there has been so much secrecy, but of whose right to his crown as turf king there is no question. Football has been a fiercer sport than ever, and deaths have occurred on the gridiron with such frequency that in some states the legislature has prohibited the game. Golf has more than maintained its popularity. The indications are that if 1897 may be called a year in which people went daff over the game, 1898 will see the nation golf-mad. It is growing rapidly in popularity, and promises to take the lead among out-door sports.

Bicycling has not gained anything by the latest event of the year, the six-day bicycle race, and it is to be hoped that these shocking exhibitions have, as some think, seen their last days. If this proves to be so and the prediction is verified that a mere contest of endurance is to be replaced by six-day competitions in which riders will be allowed so many hours' sleep in the twenty-four, then 1898 will have one opportunity at least to improve upon the preceding year.

Among the most interesting events should be mentioned the return of Tammany hall to power and favor with a majority of the people. The ancient political organization of New York whose candidate has been elected to be first mayor of Greater New York had been in the blackbooks of the people, but the tide has changed again. The death, on the very eve of election, of the champion of single tax, Henry George, who succumbed to the exhausting effects of a campaign under-

## This Is the Girl Who Will Reign in '98



AN EXQUISITE EVENING WRAP.—This Paris Cape, for ball and theater wear, is a Dream of Loveliness. It is made of ivory satin and trimmed with a band and revers of embroidered silk bordered with fur; collar filled with alencon lace; lower edge of flounce, silk muslin; silk lining wadded and quilted.

taken when he was far from being in good health, is another of the noteworthy events of an exciting political year.

An interesting incident of the last part of 1897 was the great fire of London, which reduced to ashes whole blocks of buildings and awakened the eyes of the Englishmen to the fact that their fire department, of which they have been so proud, was in reality unfitted to cope with any large conflagration, 1898 will see John Bull coming to Cousin Jonathan for hints on how to run a fire department, and after making use of all our best devices, calmly claiming them as his own and accusing us of copying London's pet plans for putting out flames.

Among the great public events that make 1897 a memorable year, were the inauguration of President McKinley, the swift and decisive war between Turkey and Greece, which began and ended with such surprising suddenness and with so little loss of life that the average man, looking back over 1897 for events of interest, may be forgiven if he fails to recall the Turko-Grecian campaign.

Another great episode that brought together men of war and peace from every part of the country was the dedication of the tomb of General Grant. Who that

was privileged to be present on that occasion, when the gay banners of the marching men were blown out straight by the fierce and cutting wind, and the spectators sat and froze in the grand stands and on the sidewalks, chilled to the bone, but determined to do honor to the nation's hero, will ever forget the day. The news of the discovery of gold is entitled to take a prominent place among the events of 1897, for it set the whole world agog, is a popular subject still and is liable to get hotter yet in spite of the chilliness of the Alaskan atmosphere. It is probable that 1898 will be a Klondike year, during which the great ambition of the people of all nations will be to dig and delve in Alaskan soil in search of the elusive yellow metal.

In foreign events the great jubilee of Queen Victoria takes precedence as the most important. In the minds of Britisheers at least it was an event that stood out among all others as the chief incident of 1897. The sight of representatives of the world-wide empire marching shoulder to shoulder in great parade, acknowledging allegiance to the august lady who had held her place as queen for so many years, was certainly an impressive one, even to the people of this democratic land.

## MENUS FOR 1898

Suggestions That  
Will Help Those  
of Moderate  
Means.

In order to begin the new year on good terms with oneself and all the world, it is well to call together the family and arrange for a cozy, comfortable, satisfying little dinner, prepared according to the advice of those who make a specialty of gastronomic matters. It need not cost you much, for it is a happy peculiarity of a dinner got up by one who knows how to do it that the expense is reduced to a minimum. For instance, here is a dinner that can be served to a party of seven for the remarkably small sum of \$8, provided always, as the legal documents say, that the dear little woman to whose Joe it falls to be responsible for the dinner, uses good judgment in preparing it:

Boiled Codfish. Escaloped Oysters. Egg Sauce.  
Tomato and Cucumber Pickles.  
Roast Turkey, Stuffed. Cranberry Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Onions.  
Turnips. Beets. Squash.  
Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie.  
Cake. Sage Cheese. Coffee.

Then, for the lady who can afford to be a little more extravagant in entertaining her New Year's guests, here is a \$12 spread for a small party of half a dozen:

Mock Turtle Soup. Hollandaise Sauce.  
Boiled Striped Bass. Cucumbers.  
Saddle of Venison. Port Wine Sauce.  
Currant Jelly. Braised Celery.  
Sweetbread. Mushroom Sauce.  
Roast Turkey. Chestnut Stuffing.  
Cranberry Sauce.  
Escarole Salad. Pumpkin Pie.  
Ice Cream. American Cheese.  
Cakes. Fruit. Coffee.

The more fortunate hostess whose means allow her to ignore the additional expense of a dollar or two can have her choice of the following \$18 dinners:

Oysters on the Half Shell. Potage Pâtée.  
Cream of Tapioca. Radishes.  
Celery. Olives. Rattles.  
Smelts Sauted in Brown Butter.  
Cucumber Salad. Lamb Chops in Paper.  
New Spinach. Potatoes au Gratin.  
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.  
Romaine Salad.  
Mince Pie. Brown Bread. Ice Cream.  
Coffee.  
Oysters.  
Chicken and Rice Soup.  
Celery. Salted Beans.  
Boiled Striped Bass. Caper Sauce.  
Parsley. Potatoes.  
Roast Sirloin of Beef with Mushrooms.  
Asparagus. Dutch Sauce.  
Saddle of Venison.  
With Fines of Chestnuts.  
Celery and Port Wine Sauce.  
Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.  
With Lettuce Salad.  
Frozen Plum Pudding.  
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.  
Coffee.  
Camembert Cheese.

Oysters.  
Hors D'Oeuvres. Pim-Olas.  
Soup. Radishes. Celery.  
Consomme of Game. Jonathan.  
Cream of Tomatoes a la Beaulieu.  
Fish.  
Bouchées of Oysters. Crabs, Capucin.  
Relieve.  
Filet of Beef Larded. Mercedes.  
Potatoes, Chateauf. Sweet Peppers Sauté.  
Entrées.  
Allerçons of Ruddy Duck a la Mirabeau.  
Fonds of Artichokes a la DuBarry.  
Terrapin, Baltimore Style.  
Sautéed Omelette Roast.  
Spring Chicken Stuffed with Chestnuts.  
Cranberry Sauce. Salad Panache.  
Cognac of Washington.  
Martha Pudding. Assorted.  
Cakes. Petits Fours.  
Fruits. Fricassee. Coffee.

There you are. All aboard for a happy New Year, begun with that most substantial of the comforts of life—a good dinner.

## Mixed New Year Roses

Continued from Opposite Page.

In an excess of loving solicitude, stooped and kissed her lightly, then drew back as she flushed and named him. He was just about to rouse her when the sound of voices forestalled him, and Doris started up with a slight exclamation. The dream had been very real, and before she had quite recovered she saw Sir George and his sister coming straight toward her; she half rose to meet them, when to her astonishment, Sir George suddenly halted, and with a formal bow, turned away, taking his sister, who seemed to be on the verge of tears, with him. Doris gazed after them with the most profound astonishment until her eye was caught by the red petals lying curled in her lap. She started and gasped and her hand went groping for the cause. She drew forth a red rose and stared at it with wide open eyes as her dream came back to her. "You're a fool," she said, standing smiling behind her, and intuitively grasping the truth of the dream kiss, she colored painfully, but the rose—the rose! Suddenly she caught sight of the white rose on his coat—the white rose which he had kissed. "Where did you get it, Philip?" she cried.

"Gladly," dear, but you'll forgive me, won't you?" he said.

"I suppose I must, since you've confessed it," she said.

"I stole something else, too; will you forgive me that, too?" he asked.

"Oh, Phil, Phil, what have you done?" she asked.

"You and bad boy, why didn't you write, then there would have been no need to steal. There, don't talk. You'll never understand what you've done, but I did think that at least you'd be famous, and now you've gone and spoiled it. Oh, you rascal! You're so glad! No, I shan't expect anything at all! Now, be quiet and come and listen to the music for five minutes, and then you may take me home."

At the next academy Phil's masterpiece was bought at its exhibition price by an agent, who declined to give the real buyer's name. It proved to be the start of his life, and for many years Philip was puzzled to know who the unknown patron was. But Doris knew Sir George, and understood!

AQUILA KEMPSTER.



An admission fee of 12½ cents to the Bet



## THE NEW YEAR BRINGS THESE AMONG OTHER PRETTY SETTINGS FOR FEMININE GEMS.



## Bustles in With New Year

They Are Called "Pads," Because the Word "Bustle" Is Distasteful.

Paris, December 16.—Such ideal November and December weather Paris seldom boasts. Day after day of bright sunshine, until people are beginning to hint that a few snowflakes would be acceptable.

The brisk little winds that come flying up the Champs Elysees carry along the brown leaves with whirlwinds of dust. The black velvet and the violet velvet gowns that one sees so often are powdered with this fine light dust, but the fair pedestrians congratulate themselves that it is only dust and not rain drops that they must guard against.

Dame Fashion must have consulted the clerk of the weather before she issued her decrees favoring velvet, for the usual rainy winter weather of Paris would have made it rather impractical to invest in a velvet walking gown.

It is just at this season that one gets the best glimpse at the "grande dames" of Paris. The summer deserters are all back and the "Nice goers" have not begun their pilgrimages. The elderly dames depend on their carriages for their outings, but the smart pedestrians that stroll along the Champs Elysees in their ravishing promenade gowns are a treat to see.

## Violet for Street.

A rich promenade gown that I noticed had a plain skirt of violet ladies' cloth made close fitting over the hips, with the fullest laid in two narrow box plaits at the back. Of course, the box plaits did not lie flat, for in all the smart gowns there is a tiny cushion of hair sewed at the back

of the skirt that adds a wonderful touch of chic to a costume.

With this skirt was worn a corsage of deep violet velvet. It fitted closely to the curves of the figure back and front. Broad revers of plain violet satin turned away from the high Medici collar and continued to the bottom of the corsage, where they ended in points. They were covered with heavy cream-pale applique, and over the lace there were straps of shirred, narrow, white satin ribbon running crossways.

The high Medici collar was filled in with frills of white chiffon that formed a jabot at the front. Four bands of narrow silver passementerie, set with turquoise, trimmed the bottom of the corsage. The sleeves were close fitting and long, with just a suspicion of fullness at the tops. They were trimmed at the bottom with four bands of the passementerie.

## A Fur Dress.

A most original street gown was made of soft green astrakhan cloth. Around the bottom it was trimmed with two rows of scallops. These scallops were cut out to show an underskirt of bright tartan under a network of heavy green silk cord that held the edges of the scallops in place.

The corsage was a blouse of the cloth, that opened over a narrow bed of the tartan. It was made with short, pointed basques, that were faced with the tartan and edged with a fold of dark green velvet. Two broad, round collars of the cloth, edged with velvet, gave the effect of revers

at the front. Round the neck there was a high frill batiste, worked and edged with silk in the same colors as the plaid taffeta. The frill formed a sort of jabot at the front of the vest. The sleeves were long and had very little fullness at the tops. They were finished with small, flaring cuffs, and at the top were trimmed with three bands of the velvet.

An attractive promenade gown worn by a young American girl at the chrysanthemum show was made of light tan cork-screw. The skirt was gored so that it fitted closely over the hips, and the little fullness there was in the back laid in four tiny overlapping plaits. Eight narrow panels of white moire, covered close, with a running pattern in black soutache braid, were inserted. They reached nearly to the waistband.

The corsage was of white moire, braided with the soutache. Over it was draped the cloth in "bill" fashion, back and front. The moire was cut away at the neck to show a "V" of the cloth tucked across in fine tucks.

The sleeves of the cloth were mounted with short high puffs. Just below the puffs the cloth was laid in a series of narrow tucks that reached nearly to the elbows. The narrow collar was of white moire. A rich promenade gown worn by a matron in her forties was made of elephant's gray ladies' cloth.

## A Neat Skirt.

The skirt was cut away with very little flare at the bottom, and the fullness at

the back was laid in two narrow box plaits. Around the bottom it was trimmed with a narrow band of black astrakhan headed with narrow black soutache sewed in a zig-zag line. The corsage was of gray velvet in a deeper shade than the skirt. It was braided closely with the black soutache. The corsage was cut with rounded basques that gave the effect of a jacket opening over a vest of accordion-plaited white mousseline de soie.

It had square revers of white moire, with smaller revers of braided velvet falling over them. A narrow band of the astrakhan trimmed the edges of the revers and bordered the entire corsage. The high collar of white moire had tabs bordered with the astrakhan. A belt of cut steel was worn with this corsage. It was slipped under the fur that edged the front of the corsage and fastened with curious old cut steel clasps. Around the bottom of the plain sleeves there was a band of the fur.

Some of the couturieres have assured me that in three months the women of fashion will be wearing good-sized bustles. The little bustions that they saw at the back of skirts now they allude to as pads or cushions, for the very word bustle has grown distasteful to women who used to wear extravagant great affairs not ten years ago.

Another new feature of this year's street gowns is the lavish use of puckered ribbon. The skirts are trimmed around repeatedly with ribbon ribbons and revers and medallion collars are covered with narrow bands of the puckered ribbon.

## A Plaid Dress.

A very neat walking dress was of tiny plaid goods, with a pale green pointed panel set in between the breadths. The skirt was quite close-fitting around the hips and the back it had the bustle effect. The waist was a blouse, with the green cloth set in to form a side trimming and also a vest effect. It was made very warm by padding, so as to be worn without a coat.

The prettiest little tilted hat was worn with this dress, with padding bag crown of green, and a green rosette under the side of the crown. The padding bag hats are much worn and are made of every material in every color. They are very soft upon the face and are becoming to every woman, tall or short. NINA GOODWIN.

## Bright Shades for 1898:

That Is the Decree That Comes from Paris and Must Be Obeyed.

Blue will certainly be the leading color in the spring. Sky and navy blue, porcelain, flax, grayish and lavender blues are all represented, both in millinery and dress goods. Lavender blue made its appearance this winter and a few elegant toilets of this shade were worn by exclusive women. Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, wore such a gown at her infant's christening. For flowers and other millinery trimmings turquoise blue will be given special prominence.

Yellow will be given great importance. This yellow note has been seen in Paris models the last few months and as it is now manufactured in all shades from the palest lemon to the deepest orange, all complexion and types may venture to wear hats and bonnets, at least where color scheme includes yellow. When employed for day toilets great care must be exercised. Red, so popular last season, is again to the fore, the begonia and rose shades especially. These are for millinery purposes. For silk dress goods there are coral and cardinal nasturtium and maroon shades; mauve and violet will also have great prominence.

Water and emerald green shades, also that pale shade which seems scarcely more than white with green reflections, will be used and also some dainty gray-greens. For the remainder of the winter and early spring gray will be very popular, but will probably vanish as the season for dresses is giving place to the blues and lavenders. In dress goods browns will, it is expected, be much worn. The shades range from

bright tobacco to castor, and the slightly grayish tea colors. There are also bright golden tints and those with a strong hint of pink. A brown cloth gown of light weight with touches of yellow or pale rose at the throat and in the hat, would be a safe purchase for those contemplating a southern trip. Cloth is coming more and more to the front. Black is also in immense favor, and black cloth skirts, it is predicted by those who know, will take the place of the black satin and brocade skirts with separate waist last season. As mentioned above, gray blue and lilac, also a pale green will be favorites.

## SOME NEW WRAPS.

A wrap of green velvet had a square shoulder collar or Persian lamb that carried green velvet applications in cornflower design outlined with metal beads and having an iridescent effect. The front of the wrap was trimmed with an embroidery of black over white, the effect being heightened by silver spangles. On either side of the strip fell a jabot of yellow tulle lace overlaid with green chiffon.

The combination of color shown in a cerise velvet wrap with ermine collar was charming. An unusually large quantity of fur is seen on light evening wraps, and the most original ideas in embroidery are favored. For instance, a wrap of Nile green cloth was incrustated with a changeable red faulle in floral design and embroidered with staves, metal edgings and threads; the trimmings of satin, straw and shell effects reaching to the deep collar.

Novelties in neckwear are dear to every woman's heart, for on the dressing of the throat and bust the beauty of most women depends. Genuine artists are engaged in Paris to design these models and there is no woman so plain that she may not make herself attractive by a judicious selection.

Our illustrations, beginning at the left hand are:  
No. 1.—A collarette composed of narrow ruffles of white silk muslin mounted upon

a collar of white satin and closed by a bow of white or colored satin.

No. 2.—An exquisite high collar an cravat of the mandarin yellow velvet, edged by a narrow band of chinchilla. The collar-ette is separated in the back and faces outward as shown. If desired, this collar-ette portion starts at the sides and forms two ears. The large bow is finished by a jabot of lace.

No. 3.—Is composed of a ruche of white silk, muslin confined by a cravat of green taffeta with lace finished ends.

No. 4.—Is a plastron of green taffeta simulating a nest, cut out in battlements upon a gathered center of mousseline de soie. This battlemented vest may be cut only a few inches wide or extend to the armholes.

No. 5.—Shows a high collar of turquoise velvet bordered with a puffing of white silk muslin. The cravat of white satin ribbon is confined across the front by straps of turquoise velvet, terminating in loops fastened by small gold buttons.

No. 6.—And last is a collar and cravat of rose satin striped with white silk braid. The cravat has two square revers and is absolutely a novel creation.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

China has a war-god with 3,000 different names.

Red hats were first worn by cardinals in this year 1225.

Glass brushes are used by the artists who decorate china.

Tobacco is said to have been first brought into England from Virginia in 1555.

Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the czar of Russia.

Sweet potatoes are cheaper than white ones this year, an unusual condition.

A Dublin lady has patented an invention to prevent children falling out of bed.

It is calculated that 25,000 people sleep nightly aboard steamers on the Thames.

## WITH THE CONSTITUTION POETS

## At the Opera.

A beautiful lady, richly dressed  
In satins and laces rare,  
While jewels gleamed at her snowy throat  
And shone in her dusky hair,  
Reclined in her box at the opera gay,  
With listless and languid grace,  
With a dreamy look in her soft, dark eyes,  
And a tender smile on her face.

She heard not the strains of music sweet,  
Nor saw the glitter and show,  
For she was away in the land of dreams—  
In the land of long ago:  
A happy-hearted and care-free girl,  
With cheeks like the red, red rose,  
Roaming at will in the fair green fields,  
Where the ox-eyed daisy grows.

Gold and jewels and music, too,  
Are hers, just the same as now;  
But purer, brighter and sweeter far,  
Than those of today, I trow.  
Her gold is the gold of the buttercups,  
That grow by the old stone wall;  
Her wealth the wealth of the goldenrod,  
That blooms in the early fall.

Her diamonds the dewdrops that brightly shine  
On the wild-rose tree in the lane;  
Her music the murmur of babbling brooks,  
That flow through the wood's domain.  
With a weary sigh, as the curtain lifts  
On a brilliant, dazzling scene,  
She lets it fall on her vision fair,  
For 'tis only a long-lost dream.

—LIZZIE MAY FELT  
West Somerville, Mass.

## Unfold.

O Life, your mystery unfold,  
Your wondrous secrets now are old,  
Timeless centuries long have rolled  
And solemn silence still you hold.  
Tell us the meaning of our woe—  
Why are we here and tortured so?  
O mystery of Life, unfold.

O Love, your mystery unfold,  
By magic grace you do uphold  
And strengthen hearts of young and old,  
Of women weak and warriors bold.  
How do you sweeten the cup of pain,  
And from our losses bring us gain?  
O mystery of Love, unfold.

O Death, your mystery unfold,  
The burning, throbbing heart grows cold,  
The fairest form is soon but mold,  
Life passes as a tale that's told.  
Is Death the end, or shall we go  
To vaster life, and learn to know  
The meaning of our pain and woe,  
And reap the fruit of what we sow?  
O mystery of Death, unfold!

—LOUISE THREESTE HODGES.

## Charity.

Wearing Love's rosy glasses she readeth  
Between  
The lines roughly traced on each day's  
written page,  
And always, in volume of youth or old  
age,  
She findeth sweet thoughts that else were  
unseen.

JESSIE LEE McHANN,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

## Just 'Fore New Year.

The New Year and the bills!  
What a terror straightway fills  
My delinquent soul with chills,  
As I scan the many bills,  
Heavy bills, weary bills,  
O'er due bills, little bills,  
Wretched bills, senseless bills,  
For Christmas trills and all their ills,  
Bills, bills, bills!

The collector and his bills,  
In the valley, on the hills,  
Every place his presence fills!  
He's the worst of human ills,  
With his many little bills,  
Coming at a time  
When there's not a single dime  
On hand—  
Good land!

And I wildly tear my hair,  
At the bills, bills, bills!  
And I try to hedge, hedge, hedge,  
But I'm tighter than a wedge  
In the hard and heavy griping of the bills,  
The bills, bills, bills, bills, bills!  
In the hard and heavy griping of the bills!  
—TIMOTHY KARLEW.

## Followin' Ob de Ban'.

Dar's er heap ob fun er callin'  
Ob er 'possum fat an' fine—  
Dar's er lot ob joy in pluckin'  
Ob er millyun 'em de vine;  
De cabbage sots me laughin'  
An' de chittlin' mighty gran',  
But mos' I loves de circus  
An' er followin' ob de ban'.

W'en I heahs de ho's er tootin',  
An' de drums er beatin' loud—  
W'en I sees de bannahs wavin'  
Den I drape 'long wid de crowd;  
I fo'gits de col' ob winter—  
I fo'gits de wo'k on han'—  
I fo'gits de seven-leven  
W'en I follows up de ban'.

But w'en my wo'k am ober,  
In dat bright an' glorious mo'—  
An' I heahs ole Gab'r'el tootin'  
On de resurrection ho'n,  
Den I's gwine ter quit de cofin—  
Den I's gwine ter quit de san',  
An' I'll hollow hallelujah!  
W'en I follows up de ban'.

—K. LASHITT.  
Rockdale, Texas.

## The Evil Thought.

A hateful, dark, unwelcome thing,  
An Evil Thought, passed through my  
brain,  
It quickly sped on fleeting wing,  
But left, ah, me! a lasting stain.

—LOUISE THREESTE HODGES.

## Egyptian Moss.

Ah! wondrous embroidery against the dark  
soil,  
An etching you traces in our sight;  
Each beautified line teaching growth to-  
ward God—  
The soul's dream of heaven's delight.

JESSIE LEE McHANN,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.





# CLOSE OF THE YEAR WITH THE HUMORISTS.

## Papa's Little Christmas Eve Joke.



1 Papa—Nothing like keeping these old legends fresh in the minds of the young. Ha! Ha! They'll take me for Santa Claus.



2 Chorus—Help! Thieves! Police!



3 Police—Come on now; we've got you this time.



4—And a merry Christmas he passed.

## Caught at Last.



He—Yes, dearest, these pies are elegant, but they are not quite as good as mother used to make.  
She—I'm awfully sorry, dear, that she has not improved. She sent me these.

## Those Up-to-Date Magazines.



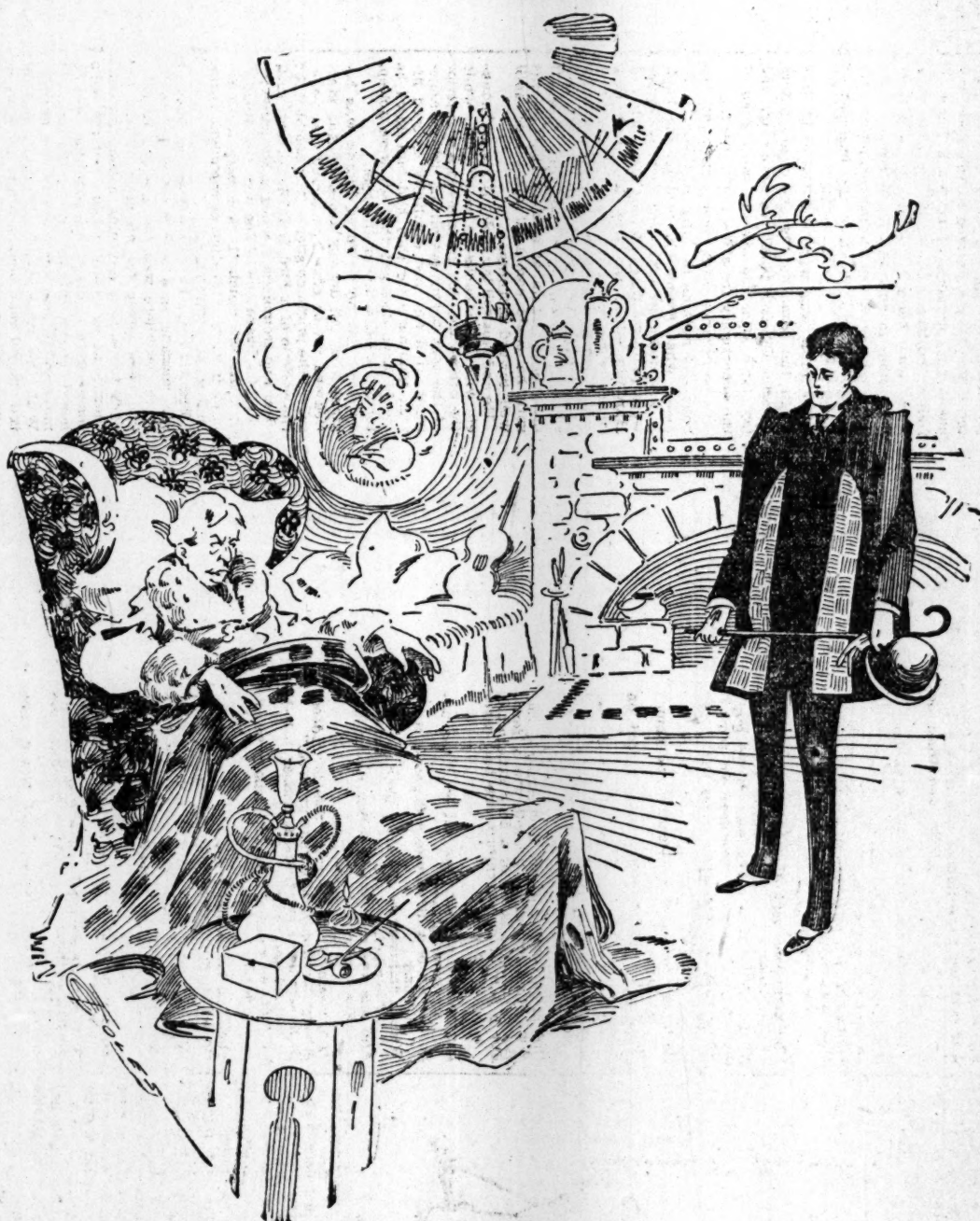
Mr. Boozar—I hev' shewn 'em all, an' more, too, maby a time! Where'ish my old companion, th' variegated alligator?

## At the Opera.



He—She's a charming actress.  
She—Yes; but she ought to have a sign on her "Beware of Paint."

## Easily Explained.



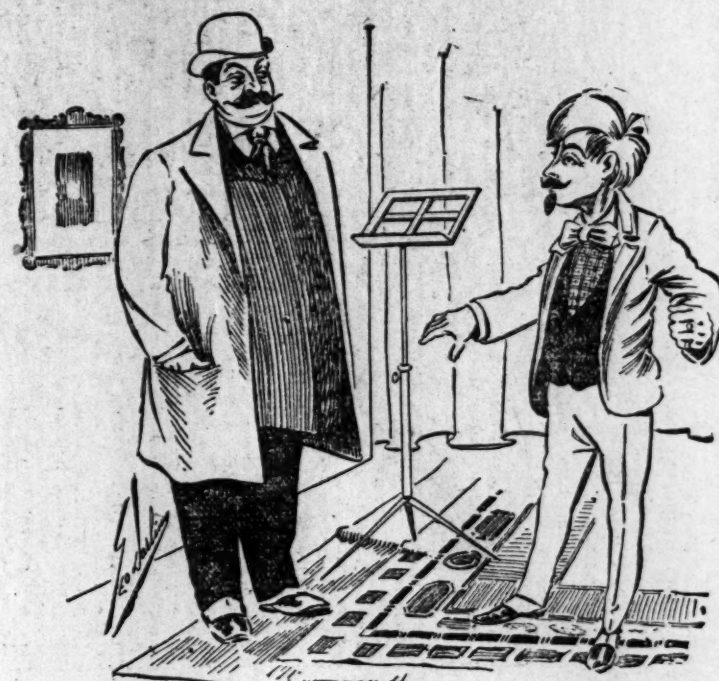
Asquer—Nervous prostration, eh? What brought it on?  
Gay Boy—Why, you see, I called on Miss Sweetgirl Christmas night, and there were seventeen bunches of mistletoe in the room.

## A Blow Against Vanity.



Algernon O'Rafferty (gloomily)—I'm goin' ter Klondike.  
Marguerite Maloney—Wot fer?  
Marguerite Maloney—Hum. I suppose w'en ye cum back ye'll be drivin' yer own goat wid harness made outen nuggets, but have a care. Me fadder's a plumber, an' winter's comin' on.

## Opinions Divided.



Smith—What do you sing.  
Squalier—I think it's tenor, but the neighbors call it base.

## Those Theater Hats Again.



1 He—Will you kindly remove your hat, madam, I cannot see a bit of the play.



2 Certainly.

## Troubles on the Farm.



1—"Don't ye think ye better pick them pears, Jonas?"  
2—"Guess I had, Mandy, you hold the ladder."



3—"Steady now!"

4—!!!!



# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to  
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1897.

## THE YOUNG KLONDIKERS:

Two Brave Boys  
Who Went to  
the Gold Fields  
and Got Rich.

By Edward S. Ellis

### CHAPTER VII. THE PLOTTERS.

All day long the two axes swung vigorously. Both Jeff and Tim were expert woodmen, and they felled pine after pine. Hardman pleaded that he was unaccustomed to such work, but Jeff grimly told him he could never have a better chance to learn to cut down trees, and compelled him to take his turn. The work was continued until dark, which, it will be remembered, comes much later in the far north than in our latitude.

The distance between the scene of their work and the point where the outfits and goods were piled was so slight that there was really no need for the boys remaining on guard. Feeling that they were favored too much, they sauntered to the wood and asked the privilege of taking a hand in felling the trees. It was granted, but they made such sorry work, finding it almost impossible to sink the blade twice in the same spot, that they yielded the implements to those who understood the business so much better.

The snow was deep, and the camp was much the same as the one made before entering Chilkoot pass. All were tired, and lay down after the evening meal, glad of the opportunity for a few hours' sleep.

In accordance with their agreement, the boys said nothing to either of their friends about what Frank observed on the boat. It was understood between them that they were to feign sleep, but to keep watch of Hardman during the night as long as they could remain awake. Ordinarily it is a difficult if not impossible task for one to fight off the insidious approach of slumber, but Frank Mausley has wrought himself into such a state of anxiety that he was sure he could command his senses until well toward morning.

He and Roswell lay under the same blanket, with their backs to each other, while the others were by themselves, the interior of the tent barely permitting the arrangement. Had any one stealthily entered fifteen minutes after they had lain down he would have declared that all were asleep, though such was not the fact.

Despite his nervousness, Frank was beginning to feel drowsy when he was startled and set on edge by a sound that penetrated the profound silence. It resembled the whistle of a bird from the timber, soft, clear and tremulous. Almost in the same instant he heard one of the men rise stealthily from his couch. It was easy to determine from the direction of the slight rustle that it was Hardman.

Frank thrust his elbow into the back of his comrade as a warning for him to be alert, but there was no response. Roswell had been asleep for an hour. It was too dark to perceive anything within the tent, though all was clear outside, but the lad's senses were in that tense condition that he heard the man lift the flap of the tent and move softly over the snow on the outside. With the same silence Frank flung back the blanket that enveloped him and stepped out on the packed snow of the interior. Pausing but a moment he crept through the opening. In that cold region men sleep in their clothing, so he had nothing to fear from exposure.

The night was brilliantly clear, the sky studded with stars and not a breath of air stirring. He remained a brief while in a crouching posture, while he peered in different directions. Before him stretched the lake, its shores crusted with snow and ice, with the cold water shining in the star- gleam. Still stooping low and looking intently about him, he saw something move between the tent and the water. A second glance revealed Hardman, who was standing alone and looking about him, as if he expected the approach of some person. Impatient at the delay, he repeated the signal that had aroused the attention of Frank a few minutes before.

The tremulous note had scarcely pierced the air, when a shadowy form emerged from the wood and walked the short distance that took him to the waiting Hardman. The two were so far off that it was impossible to identify him, but the lad was as certain it was the man who had exchanged the words and signs with Hardman, as if the noonday sun were shining.

Frank Mansley would have given anything he had to be able to steal near enough to overhear what passed between them, but that was clearly impossible. To move from his place by the tent was certain to bring instant detection. Now and then he could catch the faint murmur of their voices, but not once was he able to distinguish a syllable that was uttered.

The interview lasted but a short time. Whatever understanding was reached between the plotters must have been simple, else it would not have been effected so soon. Suddenly the stranger moved off over the snow in the direction of the wood and disappeared among the trees. At the same moment Hardman moved silently toward the tent. Frank was on the alert, and when the man entered, he was lying on his couch, his blanket over him and his chilled body against the warm form of his com-

would seem that they would prefer to wait until he had made a strike in the gold district. What the youth had seen convinced him that the latter plan would be followed, or at least attempted, and he had hardly reached that conclusion, when he fell asleep.

"You're a pretty fellow to stand guard," he remarked to his cousin the next morning after the men had gone to the wood again.

"I didn't try to stand guard," replied Roswell with a laugh; "I was lying down all the time."

"Why didn't you keep awake?"

"Because I fell asleep, and you would have done the same if you hadn't kept awake."

"Probably I should; most people do, but what do you think of it, Roswell?"

"First tell me something to think of."

His cousin told all that he had seen the night before.

"There can't be any doubt that Hardman rade, who recoiled slightly with a shiver, though he did not awake.

The fear of Frank Mansley had been that the two men were plotting some scheme for the robbery of Jeff, though it

keep 'em both loaded, and I've plenty of ammunition; I think I'll have use for e' purty soon."

### CHAPTER VIII. ON LAKE BENNET.

The men wrought steadily in felling trees, and by the close of the second day had enough timber for their raft. It would have been much preferable could they have constructed a good stout boat, but it was not feasible, though Jeff and Tim would have built it, had they possessed the necessary planking and boards. They had provided themselves with oakum, pitch and other material, but the labor of sawing out the right kind of stuff would have taken weeks. The Irishman had learned from his late experience, as a result of which a double decker, as it may be termed, was planned. This consisted first of a substantial framework of buoyant pine logs securely nailed together, while upon that was reared another some two feet in height. This upper framework was intended to bear their outfits, over which were fastened rubber cloths. The Alaskan lakes are often swept by terrific tempests, the waves sometimes dashing entirely over the rafts and boats, and wetting everything that is not well protected. The upper deck serves also partially to protect the men.

The boys spent a portion of the days in fishing. There was a notable moderation in the weather, the snow and ice rapidly melting. Sitting or standing on the bank they cast out their lines, baited with bits of meat and met with pleasing success. Plump, luscious whitefish, grayling and lake trout were landed in such numbers that little or no other solid food was eaten during their halt at the head of Lake Bennett.

Work was pushed so vigorously that on

"that the best plan is to go ashore and camp until tomorrow."

"Let's put up the sail," suggested Tim. "It's coming from the right point," added Hardman, also carefully noting the signs; "it may be dangerous, but we've a chance to make good progress."

"Up with her then!" replied Jeff, setting to work at once. A strong square sail was speedily hoisted and secured in position on the mast. The gale had so shifted that it came from exactly the right quarter and as the canvas belled outward the raft caught the impulse and began moving through the water at a rate that sent the ripples flying over the square ends of the logs at the front. All sat down on the upper framework, with the exception of Jeff, who stood pole in hand at the bow, ready to guide the structure should it sheer in the wrong direction.

The conformation of the shore and a slight change of wind carried the raft further out on the lake. Observing that it was getting slightly askew, Jeff pushed the long pole downward until his hand almost touched the surface of the water. While holding it there the other end bobbed up, having failed to touch land.

"No use," he said, facing his friends, who were watching him, "the bottom may be half a mile below."

"That looks as if we're over our heads," said Tim, "by which token if this steamer blows up we've got to swim for our lives, and I never learned to swim a stroke."

The boys looked at him wonderingly.

"How is it you did not learn?" asked Roswell.

"I've tried hundreds of times; I kept in the water till my toes begun to have webs between 'em, but at the first stroke me hid went down and he heels up. I can swim in that style," he added gravely, "but find the same slightly inconvenient owing to the necessity of bracking now and then. I tried fur a long time to breathe through my toes, but never made much of a success of it."

"And I learned to swim in one day," remarked Frank; "strange that you should have so much trouble."

"Undoubtedly that's because yer hid is so light, while me own brains weigh me down; it's aisy to understand that."

"If we should have any mishap, Tim," said Frank, "you must remember to hold fast to a piece of wood to help you float; a small bit is enough."

"I have a better plan than that."

"What is it?"

"Never have anything to do wid the water."

"That would be certain safety if you could carry it out, but you can't help it all times, such for instance, as the present."

"And I'm thinking we shall have plenty of the same before we reach Dawson."

"After we get to the foot of this lake, what comes next, Tim?"

"Caribou Crossing, which we pass through to lake Tagish, which isn't quite as big as is this one. I'm thinking," he added thoughtfully, watching the rising anger of the waves, "that bimeby when we come near land, we'll be going that fast that we'll skim over the snow like a sled to the next lake."

Roswell pointed to the shore on their right, indicating a stake which rose up-right from the ground and stood close to the water.

"That," replied Tim, "marks the grave of some poor chap that died on his way to the Klondike. Do ye observe that cairn of stones a bit beyond?"

Each saw it.

"That marks another grave and ye may call to mind that we observed more of the same along lake Linderman."

Such was the fact, though this was the first reference to them.

"And we shall hardly be out of sight of some of the same all the way to the Klondike, and I'm thinking," was his truthful remark, "that hundreds more will lay their bones down in these parts and never see their loved ones again."

It was a sad thought. In a few years improved routes, railway tracks, and house for food and lodging will rob the Klondike region of its terrors, but until then death must exact a heavy toll from the gold seekers, crowding northward without regard to season or the simplest laws of prudence.

Roswell was standing on the upper deck, near a corner, when he exclaimed excitedly: "O look there! Isn't it dreadful?"

He was pointing out on the lake, and, following the direction of his hand, all saw the answer to his question.

To Be Continued.

### Loyalty.

The wandering wind came over the lea  
And whistled and sung in riotous glee  
To the once wee bud on the white rose-  
tree,

"Ah! lean to my kisses," the wild wind  
said,  
"We'll roam where the roses of love are  
red,"

But the wee bud shivered and shook her  
head:  
"Nay, friend, I would stay where the  
children play,

A child brings joy at the close of day  
And peace when the light is dim."

But, alas! for the day, the weary day,  
When the sun in the arching sky was  
gray,

One of the children wandered away,  
No more in the sweet rose-garden to play,  
And the wee bud blooming as wee buds  
may.

Too sad in the garden to longer stay,  
Her white wings lifted and fluttered away,  
And, lo! like stars in a moonless night,  
That gleam afar with a tender light,  
Lay the shattered rose leaves, sweet and  
white,

On a grave where the light was dim.

JESSIE LEE McHANN.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.



"YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW TO STAND GUARD," SAID FRANK.

and one, if not all three, of those fellows, are plotting mischief. It might have been one of the others who signalled to and met him. I think we ought to tell Jeff."

"We'll do so before night; it isn't likely Hardman suspects anything, and you will have no trouble in finding the chance."

"You think it best that I should tell Jeff?"

"By all means, since you will tell what you saw; such things are best first hand, but neither of us will say anything to Tim."

"Why not?"

"Jeff is the leader of this expedition; Tim is so soft-hearted that likely enough he would try to convince Hardman of his wrong doing and so put him on his guard. Let Jeff tell him if he chooses."

"I hope he will drive Hardman out of our party; my impression of him is that he would not only rob but kill for the sake of gold."

Roswell looked grave. The same thought had been in his mind, but he disliked to give expression to it. He hoped his cousin was wrong, but could not feel certain that he was.

"Frank, make an excuse for calling Jeff here; he ought to know of this at once."

Looking toward the timber they saw that their friend had just given up his ax to Hardman, who was swinging it a short distance from where Tim McCabe was lustily doing the same. Frank called to him, and when the old miner looked around he beckoned for him to approach. Jeff slouched forward, wondering why the boys had summoned him from his work. He was quickly told. He listened, silent but deeply interested, until the story was finished. Then, without any excitement, he said:

"Don't let Tim know anything of this, youngsters," added the old man with a strange gleam in his keen gray eyes; "I've got a winchester and a revolver, and I

the third day the goods were carefully piled on the upper deck, secured in place, and with their long poles they pushed out from the shore on the voyage of twenty-eight miles to the foot of the sheet of water. They were provided with a sturdy mast reared near the middle of the craft, but they did not erect a sail, for the reason that the strong wind which was blowing was almost directly from the north and would have checked their progress.

This lake is so deep in many places that the longest pole would have failed to reach bottom. Accordingly the unwieldy structure was pushed along the eastern side, where the poles were serviceable at all times. Each took his turn at the work, the boys with the others, and the progress, if slow, was sure.

Ike Hardman was in more genial spirits than at any time since he joined the company. He showed an eagerness to help, declining to yield the pole when Jeff offered to relieve him, and venturing now and then upon some jest with Roswell and Frank. Their distrust, however, was not lessened, and they were too honest to affect a liking that it was impossible to feel. They had little to say to him, and noticing the fact, he finally let them alone. Whatever misgiving Jeff may have felt was skillfully concealed, and the fellow could have felt no suspicion that his secret was suspected by any member of the company.

Everything was going smoothly, when about the middle of the afternoon the weather grew threatening. The sky was darkened by thickening clouds, and the wind, which moaned dismally through the mountain gorges, churned the fresh water into waves that began dashing the spray over the craft.

"I reckon," said Jeff, leaning on his pole and looking up at the sky and the white-caps chasing one another over the lake,





# LOUISE' LAST TANTRUM.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

I.  
"You can't expect your cousin to make any difference between you two. Now stop pulling, I say, Louise, stop pulling." Louise, hidden away in her slat sunbonnet, was the exact reproduction of Luella in straight lines of pink calico.

As her mother spoke the sunbonnet fell away from her round face, and opening her mouth, she screamed shrilly, shaking from head to foot.

"Now, Louise, you know what happens when you have tantrums. Are you going to have one?"

For answer Louise stiffened rigidly. Her face became the color of soapstone, and she fell forward into the deep grass.

"She's in ore! Run for pa, Luella!" Luella strolled leisurely out of the yard and crossed to the big red barn on the other side of the road.

"Pa, Louise is in a tantrum," she said, calmly.

Her father sat on the barn floor husking corn. He sprang up and ran past her toward the house.

Luella sat down in the barn door, and looked out of her pink sunbonnet across the warm October fields and frowned.

"That's how Louise always gets what she wants," she thought. "They'll tend her and ma will say, 'Luella, your sister ain't so strong as you. Don't you think you might give in and let her go to town this once?' And pa will say, 'Yes, Luella, supposing your sister was to die in one of these spells, how bad you'd feel.' And Louise will tremble and quiver her lips, and I'll give in, like I always do. If she wasn't so proud of having them, I wouldn't mind. Now I'll go back and see if it won't happen just as I say."

Luella walked slowly back into the yard, where Louise still lay, seemingly unconscious. Her father was chafing her hands and her mother was sprinkling water in her face.

"You haven't any feeling, Luella Brockway," her mother began. "You saunter about and don't think to do a thing for your sister."

"That's what you always say," replied Luella, with unusual daring. "Every time she has one of them you turn on me."

"I never saw her so long coming to," said her father, looking up with an anxious face. "Run and get another dipper of water, Luella."

"I know a quicker way than that to bring her out," replied Luella. "I don't care if I do tell."

"What way do you know, Luella? Don't stand there and say that you know and not do a thing," said her mother.

Luella threw her sunbonnet on the ground. Louise squirmed and showed signs of coming to.

But before she had time to recover Luella had rolled her over and over three times, and ended by giving her a sharp slap on each cheek.

"Stop that, Luella Brockway! Stop that!" cried Louise, clutching at her sister's arm, and drawing herself into a sitting position, and then, looking from her mother to her father, she began to cry.

"Of course I'd come to if she slaps me in the face like that," she replied.

Mr. Brockway turned and walked away to the barn without a word. Mrs. Brockway, after standing a moment in open-eyed amazement, exclaimed:

"Louise Brockway, do you mean to tell me you were letting on? Luella, was she letting on?"

"No, not exactly. She's done it so long she thinks she can't help it, so she don't try," answered Luella.

"You ket right straight up and go and dig the potatoes for dinner! Luella, don't you help her."

She caught her youngest daughter to her feet, and pushed her toward the hoe and pall that stood by the kitchen door. Louise took them and walked away quite firmly for one who had been so recently unconscious.

"How did you find out you could bring her to that way, Luella? I don't see how you ever dared," said Mrs. Brockway.

"Once when you and pa were gone to town, I got excited when she was in one, and did it before I thought."

"She's always had 'em since she was a baby. She couldn't have been letting on," said the mother, meditatively.

"I don't believe she'll have one in a hurry again now you and pa know a new way to bring her out," said Luella. "She coaxed me not to tell, but I didn't care; she just has 'em to get paid attention to."

"Well, you are the one that is going to town with your cousin this afternoon, that's settled; so go right upstairs and get ready."

"Louise wasn't asked to go, anyway. I was pinching her in fun to make her say she wasn't asked, when she got angry."

"The ideal! A great girl, twelve years old, pinching! I must say, I don't know what you two will come to!"

Mrs. Brockway went into the house and closed the door behind her. Luella went out to the potato field and going up softly behind her sister, caught the hoe out of her hand.

"You go on to the house and lie down and I'll dig the potatoes," she said.

"Ain't you mean, Luella Brockway, making pa and ma think I could help it? You know I couldn't, and you said you wouldn't tell!"

"It isn't anything to tell. Perhaps all they know is that making you angry will bring you out."

"They think there is nothing the matter with me!" sobbed Louise.

"Well, there ain't, I don't believe. You've just got used to thinking there is so you'll get your own way," answered Luella calmly, drawing a large potato out of the soft earth with the hoe.

"There is, too, something the matter of me!" cried Louise, stamping her foot.

"I've always been delicate, and you know it!"

"You can go to town if you want to in my place to make up for my telling," said Luella.

"I feel too sick to go to town. I can hardly stand up!"

"Well, then, go to the house and lie around all day, and pa and ma will think you are sick and that I don't know."

"You say that so you can go to town."

"No, I don't; but if you go they'll know you're putting on. If you stay they'll feel sorry and think how mean I was to hit you."

Louise walked slowly back to the house, and lay down on the old settle under the pine trees in the corner of the yard.

II.  
After awhile her mother blew the horn for dinner, and her father passed near her, and entered the kitchen door without speaking to her.

Louise was not really a deceptive child. She had always been humored, and all her little aches and ailments paid attention to and she had only very recently begun to realize that her tantrums were something over which she might have control.

It is hard to give up an idea of any importance, and Louise's tantrums had given her distinction in her own home and in all the neighborhood about.

Louise thought, of course, Luella would be sent out to coax her to come in to dinner. She was very hungry, but she had determined to refuse to eat. They were having fried chicken, and she could smell it.

Never in the ten years of her life had Louise been treated like this.

Often her father had come out to the old settle and carried her in when she

had not felt half as ill as she did today. Or her mother had come to the door and said: "Come, poor little sick Louise, come in to dinner."

And before Luella had found out that making her a second time angry would bring her out of a tantrum she had been kinder than any one else.

The fried chicken choked Luella, and she begged her father to let her go out and bring her sister in to dinner. She was very tender-hearted, and she felt almost as though she had done wrong to make light of her sister's weakness.

"You sit still, and don't you or mother speak a word to her for twenty-four hours," said her father. "Louise is going to have the best lesson she's ever had in her life."

Luella had never heard her father's gentle voice so stern.

Louise, out on the old settle, heard him, too, for he had spoken very loud, and the door was open. He had intended she should hear.

And then in her little heart a wicked determination came. She would never, never stir from that settle until her father believed she was sick, and was sorry for being so cruel.

Just then Johnny Brockway, her cousin, drove into the yard in a light spring wagon. Louise did not raise her head or open her eyes.

"Hello, are you sick again, Louise?" he called, cheerfully.

Louise did not answer. He sprang out of the wagon and came to the side of the old settle.

"Sick?" he asked again.

Louise shut her eyes tighter.

"Your face is awful red!" said Johnny.

"Did you have another spell? I'll call Aunt Kate."

"Johnny Brockway, don't you call ma!" said Louise.

"Whew! I thought you was sick!" He came back to the settle again.

"You want to go to town with Luella and me?" he asked.

Louise gave a gasp and closed her eyes again. Johnny darted to the blue pump that stood near, and hastily pumped a dipper of water, and was back at her side. He sprinkled a handful of water in her face.

Louise gasped and tried to tell him to stop, but Johnny, becoming more alarmed, emptied the entire dipper of water over her and hurried to the kitchen door.

"Or, Aunt Kate, Louise is in a spell!" he cried.

"You sit down, Johnny," said Mr. Brockway, rising from the table, and he went to the door.

"Louise, you get up and go up to your room and undress yourself and go to bed and stay there till I come up to talk to you."

And what was Johnny's amazement to

see Louise rise dripping from the ducking he had given her, cross the yard, and go by him through the kitchen and up the stairs.

Johnny had lost faith in her, too, and he would tell her aunt and uncle, and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood!

### III.

"Johnny and Luella went to town and bought striped, pink and white candy and gumdrops, and watched the express train come in from the east. And then they drove home at a great speed, for Johnny was an accomplished horseman. His driving was the terror of his father and mother."

When they reached home Luella had some cookies in her pocket, and with all of her candy stole up to Louise's room.

"I'll coax pa to forgive you in the morning," she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "Ma will be coming up with something for you by and by, and I will be up tomorrow."

"I don't want to get up," wailed Louise, munching her candy. "You think it is fun to have me sent to bed while you go off to town with Johnny, having a good time."

"I don't see why you want folks to be sorry for you, anyway, and petting you all the time. You don't have half as much fun as if you acted well."

"You know I can't help it," said Louise.

"At school it always seems as though you just like to droop around and have the teacher and everybody make a fuss over you. You're always teacher's pet, because you tell her you are delicate."

"It isn't true! It isn't true!" said Louise.

"Yes it is. Pa says sick people just think of themselves all the time. You know how disagreeable grandma was."

"I don't think of myself all the time. I wish you'd go down stairs and not sit there and sodd all night!"

"You watch, next week at school," continued Luella. "You'll make the new teacher know inside of two days that you have spells when things don't go right."

"Go away!" screamed Louise, beating the bed.



LOUELLA HAD ROLLEDD HER OVER AND OVER.

Luella deliberately sat on her sister's feet and held them still, laughing.

"Go on, have a tantrum if you want to," she said.

"I don't want to have one," said Louise, and hid her head under the bedclothes.

Luella dived under after her and hugged and kissed her.

"I'm a mean old thing, but I love you just the same, Louise," she said.

The next morning Mr. Brockway went up to Louise's room and stayed for a long time, and what was Luella's surprise to see them come down hand in hand and go out to the old settle under the pine trees.

And there they sat and talked, and her father's arm was around Louise and Louise nestled her head against him.

Luella watched them enviously from the window. She had never dared in any way to express her love for her father and mother.

When Louise was nine years old she had spent a winter with her grandmother in a distant city. The children she had met there were not like the country children she had known.

Luella has listened with wonder and longing to Louise's account of the love parents and children showed each other in the city.

"I'm not going to be afraid of ma and pa any more," she had announced in conclusion. "You just wait and see."

Her father and mother after the first surprised acceptance of Louise's caresses came to believe that she loved them more than Luella, and often told Luella so when she was naughty.

"Now, she's just coaxing pa to believe she was not to blame," Luella thought, taking another peep out of the window.

And then Luella dreamed a day dream often dreamed before—she was sitting on her father's knee out on the old settle, and he was calling her pet names, just as he did Louise.

She looked out of the window again and the day dream ended. Louise was crying and her father's face was very stern.

After a few minutes Louise came into the room and said:

"Pa wants you to come out where he is." And Louise stayed in the house and finished setting the table and Luella went out to the old settle.

"I've been talking to Louise, and she understood why she was punished, and I've made her see that she has been working on our feelings to get more than her share of attention. You have been thinking that we care more for Louise than we do for you, haven't you, daughter?"

Luella's eyes filled with tears. "Yes, sir," she answered timidly; "I have."

Her father put his arm around her. "Well, we don't," he said, simply; "we've never been the kind of parents to show what we feel, and I'm afraid our thinking

Louise was delicate has made her take her own way with us."

Luella nestled her head against him. "You're the elder, but you've got a perfect right to your share of the petting."

Luella jumped up and threw her arms around his neck.

"I love you just as much as Louise does, but I've been afraid to show it," he said.

"Dear old pussy cat, of course you do!" said her father.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Written for The Junior.

Dear old Kris Kringle, one cold winter night,

Brought out his new sleigh all shining and bright;

And of all the nice things, so I have been told

It was, indeed, wonderful to behold.

There were presents for all, both the girls and the boys,

There were sleighs and skates, games and toys;

There were nice warm clothes for those who had need,

And the nicest of books for children to read.

There were caps and hats, and their fancies to tickle

He had for some a new bicycle;

There were boots and shoes for lads and for lassies,

There were cases and laces to suit all classes.

There were small articles of furniture—rare bric-a-brac,

And for a wee little tot, a great jumping jack.

There were bevel-edged mirrors and beautiful vases,

There were boxes for jewels and nice toilet cases,

Boxes for kerchiefs, for collars and cuffs;

And costlier furs—tippets and muffs;

There were balls and dolls, and what do you think?

Curly-headed negroes—as black as ink;

Oh, I could not begin the half to tell

Of monkey and donkey, rattle and bell,

From grandpa to baby, all, so they say,

Had something tucked in Kris Kringle's new sleigh.

The night was very dark and great flakes of snow

Peppered old Kris every way he did go;

But he heeded it not—the dear old saint,

For on making thousands happy that night he was bent.

So to the homes of the wealthy and homes of the poor

He joyfully glided, none were missed on the tour;

There were stockings to fill and Christmas trees—

Were loaded with presents that were sure to please.

But in surprising others Kris Kringle, too,

Was often surprised. I'll tell you a few—

He entered the home of a dear little maid,

For a suit of doll furniture she had earnestly prayed;

But her little heart was sad with the unanswered prayer,

So she wrote a little note and placed it on a chair

With a dainty little stocking, near the side of her bed,

And this was the little note that Kris Kringle read:

"Ah," said Kris Kringle, "this is, indeed, a very fine way to get what we need."

So he left her a wardrobe, a dresser, a bedstead and chair—

In fact, everything she had asked for in prayer.

Then, as he hastened away,

He left a great wax doll, she called "Lilly May."

The next home he visited was that of a boy

Who loved Kris Kringle—his name was Roy;

All day he had thought he would like to give

Kris Kringle something as a token of love.

He had nothing nice, and it troubled him sore,

Till he thought Santa Claus would care more

For a trifle if he in love did bestow

Than costlier things that are given for show.

Half a dozen marbles, so white and round

In a clean little bag were neatly bound,

Addressed and placed handy for the coming of Kris—

Don't you know that Roy got something nice?

The next was a home where the children were bad,

This visit made Kris Kringle feel very sad,

For like all good people he takes no delight

In giving to children who quarrel and fight.

These little children were even much worse

They disobeyed mamma and quarreled at nurse;

Always ill-natured, so sullen and bad,

It did really make Kris Kringle feel very sad.

So out of his great abundance of riches

He left these boys a bundle of switches,

Which, I think, you will agree, was quite right

For bad little boys who quarrel and fight.

Then away hastened Kris Kringle, stopping here and there,

Leaving gifts behind, costly and rare,

Till the night wore on and the breakers of day

Gave him a warning to hie him away;

So away he glided, leaving good cheer

And many one watching for his coming next year.

And now, dear children, though we may not bestow

Like dear old Kris Kringle, beautiful gifts as we go,

We can, by our actions and words of love,

Brighten our homes, and the shadows remove.

We can make others happy, if we only would care

For such opportunities, and countless they are;

And in making others happy you will, my dears,

Find your own Christmas filled with love and good cheers.

WHITE WINGS.  
Inverness, Fla., December 1, 1897.



## THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

## GIRLS AND BOYS DEBATE.

## Aunt Susie Tells of a Visit to the W. A. C. Society.

A few days ago I was handed a small envelope, on opening which I found a card with this invitation:

"The W. A. C. Society request your presence at their Christmas meeting at the residence of Gena Wooley, December 19, 1897, 7:30.—R. S. V. P."

Of course, I accepted, and on the appointed evening found myself among a merry set of young folks.

We were ushered into a bright, cheery room, and around the long table in the center found the debating society grouped. The president, Miss Gena Wooley, with her secretary and treasurer, Josie Lee Williford, sat at one end. The debaters, four in number, occupied each side. After the president opened the meeting and the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, and they were approved, the treasurer announced the subject of debate for the evening—"Resolved, That the Horse is More Useful Than Mules." The speakers on the affirmative were Willie Lewis Crusselle and Albert Wooley; on the negative, Lois Williford and Pauline Clarke.

Willie Lewis Crusselle opened the debate for the affirmative. She said:

"I am sure that the horse is superior to the mule. The horse is more genteel. The horse is used more; it is used to grocery wagons and the finest carriages, and is also used in the fields. The horse can go faster than the mule, for the mule pokes along like an old snail. If any rich man goes to town to buy a horse or a mule, he always takes the horse. It pays more to raise a horse than it does to raise a mule. And, another thing, you never see a mule hitched to a fire engine. Now, Mr. President, I think I have given you a few reasons to show that the horse is superior to the mule."

The speaker sat down amid unbounded applause.

Josie Lee Williford arose from the negative side and said:

"I think I can in a few brief words convince you that mules are better than horses. There is nothing so pretty as a sleek, black pair of mules. Horses are used for ornament, and if there were no mules there would not be so much coal and dynamite carried to the different parts of the city. During the war the mules pulled all the artillery. The generals rode horses because they are so much more dignified than mules. I think all of you will be in favor of the negative side." (Great applause.)

The next speaker was a brave fellow, for he was the only boy in the crowd. Albert Wooley, on the affirmative, said:

"As I represent the affirmative side, I say that the horse is better than the mule for a great many reasons. The horse is not so lazy as the mule, and the horse can do as much work in one day as the mule can in two days, because the mule is so overlastingly slow, and you have to wear out a whole whip in one day on his stubborn back. Suppose the soldiers should ride on mules; the mule would give a kick, and where would that gallant soldier be? Why don't they have mules hitched to fire engines? I will tell you; because they are too lazy to learn how to go out of the engine house when the bell rings, and suppose the Kimball house caught on fire, it would burn down before the mules could get there. Then the stubbornness of the mule! He would slouch along and waste away the time, and any one would rather walk than to ride behind a mule; suppose the hospital ambulance had mules hitched to it and any one should get hurt, they would die before they got to the hospital. To show the uncertainty and stubbornness of the mule, listen to the following poem:

"You Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah!  
What is you trying to go, sah?  
I'll hab you for to know, sah,  
I's holding ob de lines.  
You'd better stop that prancing;  
You pow'ful fond ob dancin';  
And I'll bet my yeah's advancin'  
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines."

"He minds me like a nigger,  
And if he was only bigger  
He'd fetch a mighty figger;  
He would, I tell you, sah,  
See how he keeps a clickin';  
He's gentle as a chicken,  
And nebbet thinks of kickin'.  
Whoa! Nebuchadnezzar!

"Is th's heah me, or not me?  
Or is the debbill got me?  
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?  
Hab I laid here more'n a week?  
Dat mule do kick amazin'.  
De beast was sp'iled in rais'n';  
But now I 'spec' he's grazin'  
On de oder side de creek."

"Now, you see how uncertain the mule is, and I hope I have shown a few reasons why the horse is better than the mule." (Vociferous applause.)

The last to appear on the programme was a sweet, gentle little lassie only nine years of age, Miss Pauline Clark, for the negative. She said:

"I appear before you tonight in favor of the mule and his qualities over the horse. He is stronger than the horse, and can do more hard work with less attention. You know he is fit for the hot climate and to work for a negro who don't take any care of them, but gives them poor feed. You know that a negro and a mule are well suited for each other for all kinds of work."

"Now, Mr. President, you take a horse and give the same treatment that you would give a mule, and work him side by side with a mule, then you will see how quick a horse will give out, and the mule will be good and fat; but if you want to cut a swell and be a Peachtree dude and make a big show, you want a high-stepping bob-tail, blazed-faced horse. But for good

service, give me a long-eared, shave-tailed mule." (Great applause.)

The last speaker then said: "Will the gentleman on the affirmative please tell me what is a 'stubborn-back mule'?" The reply was: "The mule is called stubborn-back because he refuses to do what he is told."

At the close of the debate the audience was asked to vote on the question, and the negative obtained the most votes, so it was decided that the mule was the most useful animal of the two.

After this there were two prizes awarded—one to Willie Lewis Crusselle for the best deportment—a pretty silver glove button; the other, a book, "Beautiful Joe," to Albert Wooley for the best debater.

Then came some lovely songs. A quartet of little girls sang "Rambled." A recitation by Miss Grace Thorn—"Annie and Willie's Prayer"—most beautifully rendered.

A little tot, Willie Williford, not more than seven years old, recited "Kris Kringle's Surprise," in a very delightful manner. Jennie Algee recited "Little Boy Peep." Willie Lewis Crusselle "A Little Girl's Lament." Albert Wooley "When I Have Time." The report of money collect-



MIDDLETON S. JOHNSON,  
First Honor Pupil in the Second Grade,  
Boys' High School.

ed was then called for and the amount, 50 cents, was announced.

The subject for the next debate was then decided upon and announced—

"Resolved, That children should be whipped when they need it."

The quartet then sang "The Bells, Or Good Night," and the audience all felt that a most delightful evening had been enjoyed. Had all the readers of The Junior heard the youthful debaters, I have no doubt that very many societies would be formed for the mutual enjoyment and instruction of our young people.

MRS. WM. KING. (Aunt Susie.)

## TO THROW AT CATS.

## Mr. Dipperton Bemoans the Disuses of the Bootjack.

Mighty few people in cities wear boots nowadays, and the bootjack, once a familiar household article, has fallen into disuse.

Besides being used to pull off boots, the bootjack was almost as commonly used to throw at cats. When the cats began their caterwauling nights, the first thing to throw at them was the bootjack. If this proved ineffective you followed it with the water pitcher and whatever else was handy, ending up with your boots, which next to the bootjack, were really the most effective things to throw; you could swing a boot around by the leg like a sling, and the leg served also to feather it and keep it true



SARAH BELL,  
An Honor Pupil of the Third Grade, Calhoun Street School.

in its flight, but you always started off with the bootjack.

What has taken the place of the bootjack for this use? Nothing, really, and the reserves have been impaired by the substitution of shoes for boots, far less effective for this purpose. Meanwhile the cats howl as loudly as ever, sometimes, it seems to me, louder, and the need was never greater; we want something in the place of the bootjack.

In these modern days some men put up a wire along the top of the fences around where they live, and connect it with a battery in the house, which they turn on just before they go to bed, when they lock the doors and windows for the night; but this requires some plant and more or less attention. And, after all, it seems a cold and mechanical way of doing things. What is wanted is something to throw. I think there would be large money in a really good thing. Maybe not another Klondike, but let's nearer home. ALVIN DIPPERTON.

A young English woman, a graduate of Cambridge, is about to establish a convent in Calcutta, having become a yogi or Hindoo nun as a preliminary. Other English additions to the sisterhood are promised, the object of the order being avowed as the spiritual regeneration of Hindoos, which is perhaps a larger contract than the zealous and enthusiastic foreign-born yogis are aware of.

## THE BOWSE

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Teenie Fritts, Florence, Ala.—Dear Junior: I live within about ten miles of a little town called Mars Hill. Can any of the cousins tell me where Mars Hill can be found in the Bible? If any of you can, please tell me.

Minnie Lella Hogg, Hogg, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am nine years old and would like to join your band. My papa is a farmer and postmaster. My pet is a baby brother; he is very sick now. I like to go to school, but we have no teacher now.

Francis C. Finch, Finchburg, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am nine years old. I always like to read the children's letters in your paper. I go to school at home. I am working to win a prize at school. Mamma takes The Constitution and we could not do without it.

Nola Smith, Riversville, Miss.—Dear Junior: I live out in the country twenty-five miles from the city of Meridian. I go to school. Aunt Susie, I think you letters very nice and wish you would write often. Papa takes The Constitution. I like to read it very much, especially The Junior.

George W. Fluker, Felixville, La.—Dear Junior: I am nine years old. I am not going to school now, but I will start in a few days. My papa is a farmer. I love to work on the farm and I expect to be a farmer myself. I picked cotton and made 50 cents, and I will send 5 cents of it to the Grady hospital.

Annie Seay, Montgomery, Ala.—Dear Junior: As I have been reading The Constitution, I will send 10 cents to join the Grady Hospital Club. I am fourteen years old and go to school. I have two brothers and no sisters.

I would like to correspond with some of the cousins. My number is 112 N. McDonough street.

Elizabeth Fuqua, Rogersville, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am just seven years old. I have been going to school two weeks and I have learned all the letters of the alphabet and their sounds. I can spell cat, dog and other words of three and four letters. I am going to try to make a teacher; my mother is a teacher, and I am going to school to her. I have three brothers, but have no sister.

Oliver Grisham, Lanner, Tex.—Dear Junior: I am twelve years old. I live close to the bottom land and have gathered a nice lot of pecans. I wish some of the cousins were here to help me gather them. I have no pets except a little sister and niece. It is very cold here this morning and the ground is covered with snow. What has become of Sarge Plunkett? I like to read his and Bill Arp's letters.

Eugene Whitley, Whitley, La.—Dear Junior: I live in the country and I enjoy a country life. Out here I am free and can go riding, driving, fishing, hunting, and I can have all kinds of fruit and vegetables. I try to keep the golden rule and read my Bible all I can. Rabbits are bad on gardens, and I have the best rabbit trap, without exception. I offer plan to make it to everyone that will send me an addressed envelope with stamp on it. Inclosed find 5 cents for Grady hospital.

Rebecca Mose, Laurens County, South Carolina.—Dear Junior: I would like to know you all better. I am proud to get The Constitution. I like to read the Woman's Kingdom. I have not started to school yet. School days are our happiest days. I think so often of the hospital and of those who are in it. I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital. I think we should take such things to heart and do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Maggie Killebrew, Bluffton, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am eleven years old. I live in Bluffton, Ga. It has about three hundred inhabitants. We have a good school. It is not a railroad town, but it has a telephone to Fort Gaines. I will tell you all about going to the picnic on Thanksgiving Day. We went in wagons and buggies. We went about six miles. When we got there we hunted nuts. We called it a nut hunting. We carried dinner and had a very nice time. Coming back one of the wagon wheels came off, but no one was hurt.

Cora Moore, Moore's Mill, Ala.—Dear Junior: I have been reading the cousins' letters. I enjoy reading them very much. Our school has opened. I always read Aunt Susie's letter. I think them very interesting. How many of the cousins like to read? I do, and read everything I can get hold of. I like country life best, because in the country we can have all the fun we want; in the city we cannot. Has any one the words to the song, "Only Three Grains of Corn"? If any one will send them to me I would be very much obliged and will return postage.

ary M. Fluker, Felixville, La.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "Affection." A mother's affection! Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead—when the cares and the coldness of the world come to our hearts, then we know how hard it is to find true sympathy. How few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in all our misfortunes; then it is that we think of the mother that we have lost.

Katie Lee McPherson, Cameron, N. C.—Dear Junior: I am nearly seven years of age. My papa takes The Constitution and I enjoy reading the children's letters. I have two brothers and one sweet little curly-headed sister. We have lots of pretty white Plymouth Rock chickens. Mamma told me I could have all the eggs I could find before Christmas and she will buy them from me. It is two weeks until Christmas and I will find lots of them in that time. I love to read and draw pictures better than I love to play. I have read through the "Story of the Bible."

Alma Little, Shimeck, Tex.—Dear Junior: I come knocking at your door for admittance after reading such interesting letters. I go to school. I live on a farm and my papa has a cane mill. I am always glad when November comes so I can drink

some juice. We have an organ. My sister and I can play on it. I can't play very well, as I am just taking lessons, but I can play several pieces. My brother can play on the violin and harp, so we have music. Rosa Lane, I would like to correspond with you, as I saw in the paper where you were wanting correspondents. Inclose find 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Ray Albion Rowland, Bobbitt, N. C.—Dear Junior: I am eight years old and my little brother is one year old. Our birthday is on the same day, which is the 25th of April. We have no sister and I help mamma. I am not going to school now but say my lessons at home. I want to get through my Fourth Reader by Christmas. I study geography, arithmetic and Harrington's speller. I earned a half dollar picking cotton and 5 cents gathering grapes. I inclose 10 cents for the Grady hospital. (Aunt Susie thinks your letter is a very good one for a little eight-year-old boy, and mamma should be proud of her little son.)

Bard Parace, Gober, Tex.—Dear Junior: I live near the above named village, which is located on the blackest, stickiest soil of which I have any knowledge. I say it is soil, though immediately beneath from one to six feet is found "cotton" rock. Thus named, I suppose, from its whiteness. Cotton is extensively raised here and is the sole product on the market. Cotton-picking is a tiresome and, seemingly, almost never-ending job to boys, but of course it is worse to girls. But are we not to write on some subject? And have I not already, unconsciously assumed one—cotton? But I'll not try to stay with it. This junior page is a grand thing, cousins, and we can make it better—far better. This page gives to the boys and girls of this land whose talents tend to literature a grand opportunity. It is a privilege which we should not abuse in the least. I have read a great deal, but not many popular novels or other kind. My reading generally consists of newspapers, but now it is of studying books, as I am going to school.

"E. G." Bermuda, Ala.—Dear Junior: I will take "Flowers" for my subject. I am very fond of them and I think most all girls are. What is lovelier than a beautiful flower garden? Who would exchange a home surrounded with beautiful flowers for one that is dull and desolate, without a single sprig? Just think how everybody longs to see the little buds begin to burst in the spring. There is nothing more delightful and cheerful to an invalid than a bouquet of flowers. We couldn't do without flowers. What would become of the little butterfly and bees if we didn't have them? I would like a correspondent of either sex.

Myrtle F. Davil, Alvin, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a farmer's daughter and I like country life. I know you little city cousins have many advantages that we who live in the country do not. Just think of what a nice time we have in spring, gathering wild flowers and playing in the branches. Then in autumn how beautiful the woods are, dressed in so many pretty colors. We also can raise so many fowls. I must tell you of my little bantams. I have lots of them, and I have some turkeys also. I hope we will have good weather for Christmas so Uncle Santa can cross all the rivers and creeks. I hope Uncle Santa will remember all of the little ones, and Aunt Susie, too.

Daisy E. Barron, Macon, Tenn.—Dear Junior: Well, a new year will soon be here again, and can we all say truthfully we have spent our time in improving ourselves? or have some of us been idling away many precious moments which we should have put in reading good books, or doing something that would be beneficial to us? Ah, me! how many young men are just throwing away their money and precious time in lying around stores, even saloons! drinking and smoking. Now, young men and boys, try to do better, for soon another year will come and you'll be ashamed to think how idle and thoughtless you've been. I have read several good books and intend to read a good many more. Correspondents desired.

Daisy Fritz, Kaufman, Tex.—Dear Junior: I live about eight miles from the town of Kaufman. I will take "Industry" for my subject. We cannot accomplish anything without industry. It shows in the school-room as clearly as anywhere. Without being industrious we soon fall behind our classes. Now, girls, it applies to us as much as it does to the boys. We should help our mothers sweep the house, wash the dishes and make up the beds, for by doing little things like this we can help our mothers so much and make their lives more pleasant, and maybe, keep them with us longer. Besides taking some of the work off their hands, we will at the same time be cultivating a habit of industry in ourselves that will be of value to us as long as we live. Correspondence solicited.

"Roxie," Moorefield, Ark.—Dear Junior: As the cousins are discussing different subjects, I thought I would write about our little city, Moorefield. We have, first of all, the most beautiful site for a city in the south. It is situated in a beautiful valley, where the emerald hue of spring time or the mature beauty of autumn seems to stretch out long arms of welcome and bid the weary traveler to rest, as it seems in every way to be like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." I have traveled over a great many states, and I don't think that I have ever seen any city that excelled Moorefield for beautiful streets. The scenery in the country around our city is as bewitching as the storied Appennines or the rugged beauty of historic Switzerland. Hilltops, bathed in sunlight, reflect a mystic beauty and seem to touch heaven's ethereal blue.

Cassa Eva Smith, Weavers Station, Ala.—Dear Junior: I take for my subject "Intemperance." Oh, the many sad hearts and ruined homes caused by the excessive use of strong drink. Mothers weeping with broken hearts, and little children growing up in ignorance, and going hungry and in rags from day to day all on account of a drunken husband and father. Strong drink has caused more suffering and distress in this land and country than all the wars in this land have ever gone through. Drinking whisky is the cause of almost all the crime that is committed by both black and white. There is enough money spent every year in the town of Anniston for the vile stuff to educate every child, both black and white, and buy their winter clothing. I have heard of girls marrying a man addicted to such habits expecting to reform him, but in every case it only made him worse and he finally filed a drunkard's grave and she was left broken hearted.





### Fair Street School.

The rolls of honor for December are as follows:  
 Eighth Grade—Lizzie Manly, 97.6; Nellie McDonald, 97.3; Fannie May Banks, 95.3; Karl Cochran, 95.2.  
 Seventh Grade—Leo Giles, 98.5; Kittle



VEAGLEY RAINWATER,  
 A Student of the Boys' High School and a  
 Speaker in the Recent Debate.

Westbrooks, 96.7; Eunice Fears, 96.2; Fannie Cowan, 95.7.  
 Sixth Grade—May Boring, 97.3; Alice Jackson, 97; Dora Snyder, 96.8; Annie Burke, 95.7.

Fifth Grade—Mamie Green, 98.3; Kate Freeman, 97; Romie Harris, 96.3; Bessie Howell, 96.  
 Fourth Grade A—Pearl Dornell, 96.5; Hattie Swartz, 96.4; Josie Leamon, 96; Fourth Grade B—Lois Berry, 98.9; Stella Massa, 98.5; Annie Kattenhorn, 95.8; Leone Hobbs, 95.4; Sallie F. Cochran, 95.1.

Third Grade A—Mary Martin, 96.7; Mary White, 96.6; Willie Snyder, 96.5; Harry Wright, 96.9; Bertha Swartz, 96.2.

Third Grade B—Rube McDonald, 98.8; Bennie Schwartz, 98.5; Winnie Freeman, 97.5; Angie Harden, 95.2.

Second Grade A—Wallace Jackson, 96.3; Richard Schwartz, 95.3; Mattie May Green, 95.1; Nellie Frank Freeman, 95; Susie Walker, 95; Lizzie Fred Allen, 95.

First Grade A—Jessie Folsom, Lila Barfield, Pride Brown, Cecil Beckham, Lester Kelly, Lucile Stovall.

First Grade B—Annie May L'ford, Charley Guild, Walter Johnson, John Townly, Gordon Hamilton, Louise Collier, Irene Toy.

In the seventh grade a very entertaining spelling match was held. A prize was offered and the winner was Beulah Hays.

Clara Bell Freeman.

### Ira Street School.

The year 1897 will soon be a thing of the past, yet we hope the teaching and training received from our teachers have prepared us for the duties that will begin with the new year and our resolutions are to make 1898 the most profitable of our lives.

We wish all in any way connected with the public school system a merry Christmas, and especially desire to thank The Constitution Junior for the many courtesies extended to the schools.

The first grade won the invitation to the



VIRGINIA MIZELLE,  
 First Honor Pupil of the Eighth Grade,  
 Ira Street School.

eighth grade last Friday. The programme was not very long, but quite interesting. The recitation, "True Story," by Nellie Teller, was greatly enjoyed.

The sixth grade invited the seventh and eighth grades to attend their Christmas programme, which was enjoyed very much by all, especially the composition on Christmas by Miss Lucile Drake.

William B. Griffith.

### The Post School.

The reason we have so many pupils on the roll of honor is because they all tried to be on for Christmas. There are a great many pupils in the school.

The following is the roll of honor:  
 Harriet O'Brien, and Eugenia Knott, 99.5; Berta Strickland, 99.3-19; Lucile Strickland,

99; Ned Kelly, 99; France Peek, 98.5-6; Alvey Partillo, 98.75; Ben Strickland, 98.5; Mamie Guron, 98; Lilla McKenzie, 98; Robble Smith, 97.75; Jurria Nave, 97.5; Rosa Weizler, 97.5; Mamie McGrath, 97.25; May Guron, 97.2; Mary Tyrell, 97; Porty Barker, 97.

### Ivy Street School.

The fifth, sixth and seventh grades were delightfully entertained by the eighth grade on Thursday. The programme was as follows:

Chorus by class.  
 Recitation, "How Miltiades Petergin Paul Got the Best of Santa Claus"—Mattie May Rice.

Declamation, "Washington"—Arthur Jones.

Recitation, "Under the Snow"—Edith Lazarus.

Declamation, "The Battle of Ivy"—Willis Ragen.

Recitation, "Lady Yearley's"—Mary Phillips.

Declamation, "A Brilliant Record"—Roy Gale.

Recitation, "Hanging a Picture"—Jamie McMahan.

Declamation, "The Men to Make a State"—Graham Perdue.

Recitation, "Fatherless Joe"—Daisy Phillips.

Declamation, "Success in Life"—Huss Bentall.

Recitation, "Jack Chiddy"—Ethel Burke.

Declamation, "Discoveries of Galilee"—Willie Thomas.

Recitation, "Rover in Church"—Willie Belle Hutcherson.

Declamation, "Culture the Result of Labor"—Charles D. Smith.

Recitation, "Leap Year Mishaps"—Dora Herz.

Chorus by class.

Our school was visited Thursday by Professor Landrum, accompanied by Professor Wells, who is visiting the schools for the purpose of introducing the new penmanship.

We were all glad to welcome the holidays. In fact, I think every one is always glad to see Christmas except the poor

soa, 96.1; Mark Goldsmith, 95.8; Clarence Hill, 95.6; Young Smith, 95.3.

First Grade—Bertha Brown, 98.3; Pearl Hood, 97.7; Hugh Fuller, 97.4; Dick Schenling, 97; Jennie Thatcher, 96.6; Louie Austin, 96.4; Robbie Hutchinson, 96.1; Jamie

Miller, 96.6; Armorelle Johnson, 95.4; Calder Kirk, 95.4; Vera Phillips, 95.

First Grade B—Clie Luck, 95.

Second Grade—Leone Ladsen, 96.1; Irene Kirk, 95.4.

Third Grade—Bessie Howard, 96.6; James Zachary, 95.6; Cora Allensworth, 95.6; Mose Gann, 95.5; Clyde Pettus, 95.2; Louise Snelling, 95.2.

Fourth Grade—Willis Pritchard, 95.

Fifth Grade—Class A, honorable mention, Ruslie Ray, 93.5; Class B, honorable mention, Cherry Emerson, 94.

Sixth Grade—Nellie Pratt, 96.8; Mildred Moore, 95.5; Irene Hewett, 95.3.

Seventh Grade—Honorable mention, Redona Ragsdale, 93.4.

Eighth Grade—Fannie Kiklighter, 95.

The children who stood perfect in the spelling contest are Mary Barron, Margaret Hoyt, Leone Ladsen, Irene Kirk, Mae Richardson, Mark Mathews and Willie Franklin.

The four upper grades joined in an excellent programme of readings, recitations and songs on the day before Christmas eve.

Wishing The Junior and its friends a happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

Redona Ragsdale.



KIRVEN WEEKLEY,  
 A Bright Student of the Second Grade,  
 Fraser Street School.

Winn, 95.9; Maggie Morris, 95.7; Berta Milner, 95.5; Mamie Hawkins, 95.2; Pearl Johnston, 95.2; Katharine Brown, 95.1; Sallie May Ray, 95.1; John Burke, 95.1; Charm Oliver, 95.

### Fraser Street School.

Farewell to books for a week. That means happiness for the children and deserved rest for our teachers.

The vaccinating brigade took possession of the school on Monday and the baring of arms was in order. The sixth grade came out victorious in a spelling match with the fifth.

The children that stood up in a history match in the seventh grade were honored by going up to the Girls' High school on Friday, the 17th, to hear the boys debate, and enjoyed it very much.

The honor roll for December is as follows:

First Grade—Margaret Welch, 98.1; Ethel



The Bright Little Debaters and Speakers About Whom Aunt Susie Writes Very Interestingly.

turkeys, who always dread its coming.

The whole school passed out joyfully and merrily Thursday, glad to welcome a holiday.

A merry Christmas and a happy new year is the sincere wish of our school. The roll of honor will be published next week.

Dora Herz.

### Williams Street School.

We are so glad that the holidays are here. We are to have a week's vacation and school will open again January 3d.

All the little folks are looking forward to Christmas. It seems so hard to wait for old Santa Claus to come. I close by wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

The honor rolls are as follows:

Sarah Campbell, 99.1; Lavada Hood, 98.2; Marie Becker, 97.9; George Hills, 97.8; Jeanette Jones, 97.8; Clara Stowers, 97.8; Will Dunaway, 97.7; Alf Ford, 97; George Williams, 97; Wharton Moore, 95.8; Teresa Laird, 95.7; Clare Leach, 95.4; Marybank Jones, 95.3.

Fifth Grade—May Belle Alexander, 98.7; Jessie Learmont, 98.7; Norma Pritchard, 98.4; Emma Abel, 98.2; Julia Blount, 98.1; Bessie Moore, 97.9; Jesse Draper, 97.8; Martha Morris, 97.5; Ed Hyatt, 97; Robert Johnston, 96.9; Ollie May Osborn, 96.8; Gordon Baker, 96.7; Ethel Thomas, 96.4; Nellie Wehmeister, 95.7; Eugene Gormley, 95.6; Adelaide Becker, 95.5; Morrie Elmore, 95.4; Carlton Shivers, 95.1.

Fourth Grade—Ruth Neller, 97.8; Carrie Middlebrooks, 96.7; Clairborne Ross, 96; J. B. Campbell, 95.3.

Third Grade—Minnetta Hill, 98.1; Wallace Wingfield, 96.4; Luy White, 96; Horace Pope, 95.

Second Grade—Mary Corker, 98.2; Versie Dorsey, 97.8; Edna Glenn, 96.7; Lucy Milten, 96.5; Mary Ross, 96.1; Churchill John-

Collins, 97.3; Walter Smith, 97.2; Emanuel Wiesenfeld, 96.5.

Second Grade A—Antoinette Blackburn.



MAE VAN DEVENDER,  
 A Bright Student of the First Grade Fraser  
 Street School.

97.6; Pearl Fuller, 97.5; Ralph Foster, 97.

Second Grade B—Helen Goldsmith, 98.8; Josephine Davis, 96.5; Ada Bell, 98.

Third Grade—Vera McClure, 95.9; James Daniel, 95, and five others.

The C. C. K. Society met last Friday.

I now close with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all.

Bryan M. Blackburn.

### West End School.

The honor roll for the past month is as follows:

First Grade A—Class A, Marjorie Wilkes, 96.3; Class B, Jack Bagby, 96.9; Charlie

"None of my numerous Christmas experiences have been sad ones," remarked the famous old clown, Dan Rice, who chanced to be in a reminiscent mood the other day.

"It was on a holiday," he continued, "that I accidentally determined to be a showman. While walking on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, Penn., I paused to admire a pen of fine pigs by the roadside. Now, a pig is not the least intelligent of animal creation—that is, he knows enough to eat whenever he gets a chance. I was a fairly proficient amateur ventriloquist at that time, and the owner was astonished to hear me maintaining an animated conversation with a sleek, fat porker as he approached the sty.

"Pig, you know you ate that pullet, feathers and all," I accusingly exclaimed. "Dan, you know you lie, and the truth ain't in you," came the angry response within the sty.

"That the devil's got inter me pigst' their owner wonderingly inquired.

"The devil take ye, ye Olrish nagur," a squeaking voice replied from the pen.

"Dan, swot 'im in the smeller."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, you ungrateful beast," was my indignant reply.

"You've got the devil in you."

"After a few minutes' conversation the Irishman was convinced that a certain black and red pig was possessed of a devil and was sorely perplexed thereby. He was greatly puzzled to know how to get rid of both pig and devil at the same time. At last I kindly volunteered to take the pig and he offered me a small consideration for so doing.

"Within two weeks I was making a neat sum of money on the road exhibiting an educated talking pig, which proved a great drawing card. So well did I prosper with it that the next Christmas I lavishly entertained a host of old as well as new friends with the best the country afforded.

"From thence on my career was singularly successful, and eventually I became proprietor of the first circus in which I had ever appeared as a clown. The word clown, according to Webster, means a churl, a man of coarse manner, an ill-bred man. But I found it paid, just the same. As the original Shakespearean clown I drew a salary of \$10,000 a season and endeavored myself to a discriminating public and fun-loving public.

"Another memorable Christmas I spent as a prisoner in Blue Eagle jail, charged with the heinous offense of providing the general public with amusement, entertainment and instruction, in the form of a circus. Now, one of my objections to prison life is that it is too confining. But, just the same, I was Santa Claus to the prisoners and visitors at the jail that day. We had a fine dinner of roast pig and fowl, with cranberry sauce and mince pies. That day I, for the first time, sang before a select audience my famous song of 'The Blue Eagle Jail,' which subsequently revolutionized public sentiment against showmen.

"Another never-to-be-forgotten Christmas I spent in Havana when at the height of a performance before a large audience, the best lion trainer that ever I knew furnished a dinner to a cage of fierce Numidian beasts. When the lions were finally beaten back from their prey with red-hot irons there was just enough left of Florinelli to hold a funeral service over. That was all. Well, such is circus life," exclaimed the old clown, mournfully.

"The happiest Christmas of my life was spent at New Orleans. At that time I had a company of 100 of the sweetest-voiced children that ever sang, and with them I was giving a series of spectacular musical productions at various cities in the south, travelling on my own steamboat. The tour had been unusually profitable, and so I announced that at the close of the last performance, on Christmas, Dan Rice's original Santa Claus would appear in his sleigh, with many unique effects, and present to each dear little member of his company a token of the season.

"I and my agents spared no efforts in perfecting the necessary plans, and at the close of the last performance on Christmas, the lights were lowered and a winter's night scene presented, with full moon shining upon snow-covered housetops and plains, over which soon came Santa Claus dashing along in a frost-clittering sleigh drawn by reindeer, the jingling of whose bells could be plainly heard. Upon a housetop the sleigh halted, and Santa Claus disappeared down the chimney.

"Then the scene changed, the lights were turned on, and the hundred silver voices of the company united in singing 'The Star of Bethlehem.' Then, still singing, the pretty little ones, all beautifully costumed, marched across the stage, each bearing in his or her arms the dainty present from Dan Rice's Santa Claus. O, that was a great night in New Orleans, and my Santa Claus saw that no hungry one in the whole city went supperless to bed.

"And what became of those dear little boys and girls of my company? Well, some are dead, and some are married, while I am still Dan Rice. I want to see twenty-six more years in order to ascertain the ultimate level of the 'new woman.'"

The Indians of Guiana have a queer system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and a first finger." Ten is "two hands," but forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, hand and first finger."



# Abner and His Green Humor



## THE BOWSER'S TROUBLES.

### Mr. Bowser Decides to Make a Little Change for the Winter.

Mrs. Bowser was looking out of the window the other evening when Mr. Bowser stepped from the street car. Although he was half a block away, she knew by the way he touched the ground that he had something on his mind. Until he reached the gate, however, she could not tell whether the porous plaster he had put on his back that morning had wrinkled and lifted his weight on to his toes, or if he had struck a new idea in life-preservers or fire-escapes. The bland, good-natured look on his face solved the problem. He had a new idea in his head.

"Is business good?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he opened the door.

"Business, my dear woman, was never better," he laughed. "I have done a stroke of business today which will rejoice your heart, but you will have to wait until after dinner for the details."

During the dinner hour Mrs. Bowser thought of hogs, chickens, horses, winter resorts, firecrackers, medicine chests and a lot of other things which Mr. Bowser might include in, and she also made three or four errors to draw him out. He was smiling, but firm, however. It was only after they had finished the meal and adjourned to the family room that he looked down upon her blandly and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I have long contemplated extensive repairs to this house."

"Why, what is the matter with the house?" she asked.

"It wants many alterations. It is not convenient. I propose to change the lower stairs and some of the rooms. It is slowly but gradually killing you to oversee such a large and inconvenient house."

"The house is all right, and you have heard no complaints from me."

"The house, Mrs. Bowser, is to undergo extensive alterations and repairs. Aside from the matter of convenience, I am sure there is malaria here, owing to bad plumbing. A husband who loves his wife will not."

"And so you have got a new fad?" she interrupted.

"Madam, you are speaking to your husband. A husband has no fads. I have long contemplated extensive alterations to this house, and I shall take advantage of this cheap labor in the winter to make these changes—everything in ten minutes this afternoon."

"How arranged?"

"We are to move into a flat for a couple of months."

"You-you can't mean it!" gasped Mrs. Bowser.

"Into a picturesque and cozy little flat, my dear, where everything is as neat as a pin and as cozy as you please. You have often said you would like to live in a flat, and now—"

"I never said so, Mr. Bowser! I'd rather live in a barn! This house doesn't need the slightest repair, and you shan't go and disturb things just as we are all nicely settled for the winter. I thought it was about time you got some other silly notion into your head! Move into a flat! Why, you wouldn't stand it a week!"

"I have secured it," replied Mr. Bowser, as he sat down. "I have secured the flat, and next week we move. I expected you would be startled at first, but let us reason the case. You have malaria in your system."

"I don't like it! I haven't had a pain or an ache for a year, and if you'd only drop foolish fancies I should have nothing to worry about."

"You have malaria in your system, Mrs. Bowser, and this change will cure it. In a flat we shall be warmer and snugger. Here we have big, barny rooms in which one is almost lost. In a flat we shall be just cozy. Everything is on one floor, and everything is handy and convenient. You may like it so well that we will not come back to our house."

"And you have rented a flat?" groaned Mrs. Bowser.

"Leased one for three months," he said as he exhibited the document.

"And where is it?"

"Where is it? Let's see? The location must be mentioned in this paper. Yes—it's on Strawberry avenue—No. 24 Strawberry avenue."

"And you never went to look at it?" she almost shouted.

"What was the use? The landlord was in the office and told me about it. There are seven rooms—hard wood finish—beautiful view—best of tenants—four street car lines—no noises—all that anybody could ask for. In a week you'll be so much in love with the little flat that you'll thank me with tears in your eyes."

"How many flights up?"

"How many flights up? I probably told me, but I have forgotten. Let's see? Of course, the higher up you go the better air you get. Here it is—four flights up. That will give us—"

"Three flights of stairs to climb?" wailed Mrs. Bowser.

"Only three, my dear. Four would have been better, but we must have got up with three. Our doctor has said again and again that climbing stairs was much better than riding the bike. The height will mellow all the street noises as they float up to us. It won't be a week before we'll take all those stairs at a jump and wish for more. What's the matter now?"

"It will turn out like our seashore cottage," sobbed Mrs. Bowser in her handkerchief.

"And what was the matter of our seashore cottage? There were a few mosquitoes around, and the water was a blamed old clamored bug who threw me down and bothered me somewhat, but mosquitoes don't fly in winter, and hogs don't walk over three pairs of stairs into flats. Why, woman, you ought to be full of enthusiasm over the change instead of making a boozy of yourself."

"I know how it will be. You won't be satisfied at all, and inside of a week you'll be blaming me for the whole thing and talking about a divorce. Why not let me go home to mother's while the house is being repaired?"

"Because, my dear woman, the flat is leased."

"But you can get out of it."

"I don't want to. I want to try flat life for a few months. I want cozy rooms—no conveniences—hard wood finish—new scenery—purer atmosphere. Say, we shall be as comfortable as two bugs in a rug!"

"You have read about flats," persisted Mrs. Bowser as she wiped away at her eyes—"the piano next door—the crying children—quarreling families—the thumping overhead—the—"

"All newspaper jokes, my dear girl—all

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"All newspaper jokes, my dear girl—all

Reved that story from start to finish, and he said he had no doubt that it had added a hull month to his life. He wanted to hear from others, and for the next two weeks sum one of the crowd was with him most of the time. He never doubted anything they said, and when they had finished he called them poets and statesmen and heroes and made 'em feel that life was worth the livin'.

"Mebbe it was three weeks from the time he cum when sunthin' happened to Abner Green. He was comin' over the marsh from the boathouse one night when a ghost suddenly piz up afore him. It was a tall, white ghost, and the first thing it did was to cuff Abner on the ear in a way to make his head ache fur a month. Then it said:

"Abner Green, git down on yer knees and begin to pray, for you haven't got but five minits to live!"

"What hev I dun?" wails Abner as he gits down.

"You lied about that whale!"

"Yes, I know I did, and I own it up. I'm one of the biggest liars in Squan Creek, but I'm willin' to reform. Lemme go and I'll stick to the truth all the rest of my life!"

The ghost cuffed his other ear and gave him three or four kicks and started him off, and the fun of the thing was that nobody would believe Abner's yarn. Everybody thought it was a new lie, and even the marsh, whistlin' as he went, when the ghost riz up and grabbed him and shook

him around until his joints cracked and he belliered fur mercy.

"Phileas Springwell!" sez the ghost, "you lied about seel'n a shark every foot long."

"I know I did," sez Phileas, "and I'm sorry fur it. That shark was only fifty feet long, but I had to lie to match the other liars."

The stranger pranced him around sum more, and Phileas got the length of that shark down to fifteen feet. Arter bein' kicked and cuffed and kicked and cuffed, he was allowed to go. Then Aaron Stuben met the ghost and got thumped around 'till he owned up to all his lies and promised to tell the truth thereafter, and he was followed by Jonas White, Simon Bebes and Caesar Davis. Nobody believed the first two or three, but when five or six men set in to tell the same story under the same arrange upon a camel's back, it was the proudest moment of my life."

"But he threw you off and rolled over you?"

"No, I don't think he did. As far as I can remember he was very passive and rather seemed to enjoy the burden. It was no doubt the doctor's fault. He didn't throw me off and roll over me."

"And he didn't kick up?"

"No, didn't move a foot."

"What was the matter with him?" asked the man with the newspaper in a harsh voice.

"Yes, sir, as near as I can. It was never quite clear to me, but I think the circus men came running; a few words were

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after a minute or two the undertaker came up and interrupted with:

"Say, Davidson, I've got some bad news for you."

"Hev? I reckon it's about my son Salathiel?"

"Yes, it is."

"Needs sunthin' in your line, don't he?"

"No, I ain't payin' no high prices. Yell hev to cum down to bedrock."

"Which is dead, Salathiel or the colt?" asked the farmer.

"Salathiel."

"No, I'll be joggin' along home to see about it. I was rather lookin' fur it, though I didn't know but he might dodge. Mighty kind in you to tell me about it. Bill, but it's bedrock fur anythin' I need."

The undertaker moved off and I said to the farmer:

"I am sorry to hear the sad news, but at the same time I wish to say that you have lost a fine horse."

"Got to be, stranger—got to be, I replied as he held out his hand. "I'm feelin' powerful bad, I am, but I can't show it before Bill Jones. He's the only undertaker in town, and if he seen me a-feelin' bad he'd slap his on to the bill and sue me if I didn't pay."

Not the Camel's Fault.

We had all noticed that his left shoulder was badly lopped, but of course no one asked any questions and we should never have known the cause had he not said:

"Gentlemen, from my earliest childhood I always had a desire to ride on a camel, but it was only three years ago that fortune favored me. You may have noticed that my left shoulder is three inches lower than my right? A camel was the cause of it."

"I never heard that a camel was dangerous," said the man with the newspaper.

"Nor I," replied the victim. "I always supposed that a camel was as mild and humble as a rabbit, no matter whether he had one hump or two. Three years ago I visited a circus and saw several two-hump camels. The desire to ride between these two humps was too strong to be resisted. I offered the man in charge \$5 to let me climb up and sit for five minutes, but he gruffly declined the bribe."

"I can't understand," said the man with the red necktie, "why you wanted to sit up there. Nothing in particular could be gained by sitting between the humps of a camel. Why didn't you want to sit on the back of a rhinoceros?"

"I dunno, sir, but I was bound and determined to sit on the camel. The more I thought of it the more determined I became, and by and by, when the attendant had gone for food or something I dodged under the ropes and arranged upon a camel's back. It was the proudest moment of my life."

"But he threw you off and rolled over you?"

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some badness in town, and I guess we'd better stop him."

"All right, Moses," says I. "He's a purty hefty lookin' cuss, but I guess you kin git away with him. If you can't, then I'll help."

"I stopped the team," continued the old man, with a sigh, "and Moses jumped down and spit on his hands and got ready for business. I rather expected to see the feller jump the fence and take to the fields, but he cum right along as sassy as you please. When he got to us Moses squared off and told him he was a prisoner. He kinder smiled at fust and was goin' to pass on, but Moses got in front of him and says to me:

"Dad, watch my left. I'm goin' to let fly fur the pint of his jaw!"

"Then you know something about the ring," said the officer.

"Moses does, but I don't. He jest handed off and let fly, and the next thing I seen was Moses turnin' cartwheels up the road. It seems that his left didn't reach. The other feller did, however, and Moses was still playin' circus when I jumped down and squared off and swung my right."

"But you must know something about the ring," persisted the officer.

"Noop—not a blamed thing!" replied the farmer, and Moses used to think we knew sunthin' about the ring and punches, but we was all wrong. I swung fur the feller's jaw, but I landed on air. Then he swung fur mine, and his duke loosened every tooth in my head and all the hair on top of it. I was sleepin' away when a feller cum along and wakes me, and I gin him a dollar to go arter Moses and git both of us into the wagon. Arter we had drawn a long breath and found we hadn't dead Moses looks up in sawow to me and says:

"Dad, did the same locomotive hit you, too?"

"It



